

SATURDAY REVIEW

OF

POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

No. 2,905 Vol. 112.

1 July 1911.

[REGISTERED AS A
NEWSPAPER.] 6d.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE		PAGE		PAGE
NOTES OF THE WEEK	1	MIDDLE ARTICLES (continued):		CORRESPONDENCE (continued):	
LEADING ARTICLES:		An Honest Play from Paris. By		Coronation Honours	16
Nearing the Crisis	4	"P. J."	11	The Irish Players. By F. J. Fay and	
Shortening the Arm of England	5	Thackeray. By H. F. Prevost		Leonard Inkster	17
The Political Outlook in France	6	Battersby	12	Anti-Vivisection Shops. By Miss L.	
Commercial Chaos	7	Spithead. By George A. B. Dewar	14	Lind-af-Hageby	17
The New Stamps	8	Field of Gold. By John Vaughan,			
		Canon of Winchester	15	REVIEWS:	
THE CITY	9	VERSE:		Patter Chatter	18
INSURANCE:		Nuneham. By H. W. Just K.C.V.O.	12	R. L. S.	19
The Sun Life Assurance Company of		Stupidity Street. By Ralph Hodgson	14	The Short-Cut to the Yangtse	20
Canada	10	CORRESPONDENCE:		Thirty-Seven Years in India	21
MIDDLE ARTICLES:		Westminster Abbey and the Corona-		Coronation Gleanings	22
"Gala" Music. By John F. Runciman	10	tion. By Hermann Erskine	16	NOVELS	22
		The Church and the Empire. By		SHORTER NOTICES	24
		the Rev. Edward Harding Firth	16		

We beg to state that we decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

When does the Coronation end? It would not be easy to fix the precise day, or even the precise week. The gradual return of the London streets to their normal aspect is typical of all the rest. One day we shall suddenly notice that the flags and bunting are no longer there, and that the newspapers no longer record dinners and parties and speeches pertinent to the Coronation. Politics were naturally the first thing to recover; for the political situation is urgent, and it was not possible for the political struggle to begin again gradually and unnoticed. Business and society, on the other hand, have leisure to drift gently back into the old ways.

For the King and Queen this round of festivities means hard, tedious work, and positive feats of endurance. No day but has its tale of engagements. A mere glance at the list shows immediately how little time there has been unclaimed of the King and Queen for public duties during these last days. Infinite is the heart's ease they have neglected. The Coronation ceremony itself, the royal progress, the naval review, the garden party at the Palace, the Opera and the Theatre—these are merely the conspicuous things. But even if we simply put together in a time-table the public appearances of King George and Queen Mary during the last ten days, we get an idea of the astonishing work done.

There is general praise for the authorities and the Coronation arrangements. The rank and file of the police are almost beyond praise. Accidents have been fewer than ever before and hitches there have been none. This is all delightful to hear. Only in one thing does there seem to have been a miscalculation. One has heard a good deal of protest, reasonable we think, against the unconscionably early hour of closing ways against traffic. Really events have proved that there

was no need at all to get unfortunate people into their seats five, six and seven hours before the procession could go by. No wonder the prospect of such an ordeal of waiting kept many away. The precautions, barriers and so forth, on the top of ridiculous newspaper scares, drove out of London thousands who might well have joined in the festivities. This was disastrous for restaurants. Also there was surely more holding up of traffic than was necessary on the nights of the sundry "gala performances."

Funeral baked meats was the fare on "gala" night at His Majesty's Theatre—réchauffé scraps of old productions. Thus there was a cold scrap of Julius Cæsar, served up again with sauce Granville Barker, and a slice of "Merry Wives". We suppose the idea of these performances is to please the King who commands them, and to give his guests an idea of the quality of our English theatre. Why assume that a royal audience cannot endure a good play from end to end? At Covent Garden it was the same sort of programme, impossible of enjoyment. The intention of those who manage these affairs is apparently to show off as many British players and singers as can be put through their paces in three hours or so. The "profession" turn the occasions to simple vainglory, caring nothing for the dignity of their art or for the boredom of their audience. These performances are a poor compliment to the King and Queen.

The Spithead review was a most stately, beautiful thing to see. It equalled the 1897 review in splendour, and all went off without the smallest mishap. The King signalled at the close a true seaman's message to the Fleet. Perhaps it did not strike the public imagination as did King Edward's "splice the main brace", but it had the true simple ring of naval precision. The foreign ships were very interesting. Germany sent her big advertising ship lately in South American waters, Russia and Japan lay abreast, a charming arrangement suggesting to peace-believers that the federation of the world is at length in view, and to war-believers that those two nations had better be watched carefully in the Far East.

8326



Spain bravely got in a ship built since the Spanish-American war, and Turkey one that took, was it twelve or sixteen years to build? Denmark, Norway, Sweden, and the Netherlands all sent something. Greece had a boat she built, or bought, to wipe out if necessary a Turkish boat (which was also present at the review) when a while ago there was some talk of war between the two. There is something rather droll and also pathetic about small Powers with—for their slender resources—quite big ships. But it is natural they should wish to have a warship or two on the chance of the Great Powers allowing them to be used.

The meeting in the City, at which Mr. Balfour spoke on the Declaration of London, ought by itself to warn the Government to take time and further consideration. There is disagreement amongst international lawyers, the most prominent, Professor Holland, being against it; amongst naval men; amongst Liberal members of Parliament. Commercial opinion is almost unanimously against it. Why should there not be the delay for which Mr. Balfour pleaded? The Government is not asked to refuse ratification absolutely. We do not say that all the people who are against it could answer Mr. McKinnon Wood easily, or that they are better strategists than the officials at the Admiralty whom Mr. McKinnon Wood quotes for the Declaration. But if opposition to the Declaration is waived aside, the Government will act arrogantly and recklessly.

We are accustomed to this in the Government's measures, and they suspect others of their own motives. But let them, if they can, believe from Mr. Balfour's and other speakers' protests that there is no desire to make a party question of the Declaration. The use made by Mr. McKinnon Wood of the consent of the Dominion representatives is illegitimate. The suggestion is that here is a body of disinterested opinion to set off against ordinary Opposition motives. It is this delusion that is leading the Government astray; and making of the Declaration a party measure. Mr. Asquith showed, what we called last week his dangerous state of mind, by his scornful reference to any opinion the House of Lords might have about it. Yet there was never an occasion when a Parliamentary man like Mr. Asquith might admit more willingly the desirability of treaties being ratified by Parliament. If the Declaration is ratified off-hand, the feeling will persist that our hands are tied for the next war. Even if it were not true, we should be disheartened.

The House of Lords entered this week into the fighting stage of the Parliament Bill. The second reading was not business—it was mere tactics. New amendments were made, pressed, and carried in the face of the Government. This is joining issue in earnest. The Government temper so far is brutally unyielding. Even they have never claimed perfection for their Money Bill machinery, yet they refuse point-blank even to consider Lord Cromer's suggestion of a joint committee of the two Houses with the Speaker as chairman to decide what is a Money Bill instead of the Speaker only. The Government would put the Speaker in an impossible position much as in certain events they would put the King. One important point has been brought out in this debate. The Government refuse to pledge themselves to treat the Parliament Bill if passed as final even during the present Parliament. Thus the power given by the Parliament Bill could be used to make it even more violent against the Lords.

This bears out the fears and suspicions of longer-sighted Unionists. Once give the Radicals their Parliament Bill and there is no end to their power. They would be able, without going to the country, not only to pass Home Rule and disestablish the Church, but to amend the Parliament Bill itself. They can make time by getting rid of the clause as to a five years' Parliament, and they can reduce the period of a bill's suspension from two years to six months or two months. It

would be a monstrous practice, but that is less than no ground for thinking it would not be done by this Government. Indeed, Lord Haldane's answer on Thursday rather suggests that they contemplate it. But we must wait till next week for the crux of the crisis, when Lord Lansdowne will move the official Opposition amendments.

The Lords' Amendments have given Mr. Wedgwood M.P. another opening. He was the manly politician, it will be recalled, who humbly apologised to the Speaker for calling the Speaker unfair; and, in an immortal phrase, refused to take his stand "on the sanctity of an Englishman's correspondence, Sir." Since then he has lived a little in retirement, but now he comes forth to break the Peers. He is for abolishing them by the evening of 15 July if they have not given in by then and passed the Parliament Bill. Why, this is more "Thorough" than even his chief ever dreamt of! Mr. Asquith does at least propose to give them two years to decide about a Bill; whereas Mr. Wedgwood will only allow them two weeks.

Mr. Wedgwood clearly is getting restive. He should have been put in the last Honours List. But Mr. Pickersgill, if report be true, has been stirring too. It is said he is to have an insurance post under Government, and that Mr. Masterman will get his seat at Bethnal Green. So at length we have the spectacle of a defeated Liberal Minister looking to England, even to London, for a seat instead of going to the back hills of the North! It will be very interesting to see whether this report about Mr. Pickersgill's insurance is true or not. If true, here is fresh proof of what we said the other day—that the independence card is a good one in the game of politics if not planked down too definitely on the table, face upward. The card should be played with rather than played. One recalls that Mr. Pickersgill played with it lately when the battle of Sidney Street was debated in the House.

During the fight in the House of Commons years ago, Colonel Saunderson hit on the jaw a man near him who had done nothing whatever. When he was asked why he had done this he replied that someone in the *mêlée* hit him, and he was going to get a blow back somehow. On a somewhat similar principle Mr. Churchill, rebuked in the debate last Monday by Mr. Lyttelton for being photographed at the Sidney Street battle, retorted that Mr. Balfour was photographed in the aeroplane. Because Mr. Lyttelton jibes at Mr. Churchill, Mr. Churchill must "get his own back" somehow, and so turns on Mr. Balfour. What a massive mind and what a fierce original wit besides we have to-day at the Home Office. But these great men are rarely angels, and it must be said that Mr. Churchill's description of the Dartmoor shepherd in this debate was wanting in charity. Mr. Churchill now describes his late pet protégé as an "extraordinary old rascal". And this is the "poor old man" who took two shillings from a church!

There was one little thing about Mr. Churchill's conduct at the Home Office which Mr. Lyttelton did not touch upon. Why did the Home Secretary, to say nothing of his very large cigar, put himself into the Royal Procession last week, and this week, when he was not on the programme? But the truth is Mr. Churchill will not sit in a dull office unobserved; that would be as intolerable as a Boer prison. He prefers to make of the Home Office a glorified travelling circus. The dog-whip and the big cigar and the top-hat and umbrella at the battle of Sidney Street should be carefully preserved as the stage property of his office.

Incompetency pays. It very often pays quite well in the public service. For instance—one well advertised out of hundreds of unadvertised instances—the people have been paid who were responsible for the new stamp. What they were paid, and how many of them

there are, and what are their names, the public is not to be informed. It is the duty of big public servants not to give the names of lesser public servants who have been incompetent. The duty is now and then perhaps a quite convenient duty for the big public servants, for sometimes, it is shrewdly suspected, they are themselves among the very incompetents who are being paid and will by and by be duly pensioned as a reward.

We do not say the Postmaster-General is one of the stamp incompetents. Perhaps he has had nothing to do with the stamps. What should a Postmaster know about stamps? He has never been trained to the business. It is thought an advantage under our system not to have as head of the Post Office a man who has been practically concerned with such things as stamps and letters; just as it is, according to all our traditions, an advantage to have as First Lord of the Admiralty a man who goes straight to the top of the service without knowing anything of naval matters. Yet one may express a humble hope that, somehow, the guiltless Postmaster-General will see to it, by indirect or direct means, that the next set of stamps are not such ridiculous and contemptible specimens as the set that have just been paid for and are to be hustled out of sight.

A Bill about pensions to "Governors of Dominions, etc.", was read a second time in the House of Commons on Tuesday. It was really an extremely modest Bill; but Mr. Lynch and Mr. Clynes were determined to be troublesome. Mr. Lynch had ready an exhaustive speech about Governors which he was bent on giving to the House. Were Governors necessary at all? If so, did they deserve pensions? What sort of men were they? Was Sir William McGregor . . . ? Here for the fourth time the Speaker asked Mr. Lynch to keep his remarks within bounds; this time, in fact, Mr. Lynch was requested to sit down. Then it was the turn of Mr. Clynes. He had nothing in particular to say about Governors; but he thought it was scandalous that Governors should have pensions from £1300 down to £250, when they were only sixty years of age, whereas people who really worked only got five shillings a week at seventy. But the "Governors, etc.", will get their pensions, after all.

Mr. S. H. Jeyes is missed by many friends. He should be missed too by at least some readers even in these days when few trouble about the quality of political writing so long as they are hit by a good headline. He was accomplished in the high grades of journalism, and cared to write with pith and point, and could coin an epigram when he chose now and then to do so. His "Juvenal" was a good deal more than journalism. He was a man of the world, a good talker and pleasant companion. But perhaps the great thing about Mr. Jeyes was his superb courage. He faced death with far better courage than most men face life. He was brave as a lion.

No doubt it would be difficult for anyone to talk common sense at a Pilgrims' Club dinner. To most men it would be impossible, but it might be just within Mr. Balfour's powers; for when Mr. Balfour errs, it is in seeing too truly and too clearly. But let America or anything American turn up and Mr. Balfour resolutely puts off himself. He will not, in public, see America or Americans as they are. This is, of course, policy, and it is pretty safe to assume that Americans will not look behind praise of themselves. Very few Britons would, but perhaps even fewer Americans. To the Pilgrims Mr. Balfour dwelt quite emotionally on the fact (it is largely a fiction) of common stock necessarily uniting the two countries: he would rest this on a scientific basis. Well, history shows that the greatest struggles have been between peoples of kindred stock; and this agrees with Darwin's own proposition. Anglo-American union may be the grandest of things, but it is strange Mr. Balfour should find untenable grounds for it.

Possibly the only remedy for a quarterly Cabinet crisis in France at this moment is a general election. Everyone saw that M. Monis could not last. His Government, with its timid movement to the Left, and subsequent indecision on every important question, was from the first a *pis aller*. Had it not been for the accident that killed M. Berteaux and maimed the Premier the fall might for a few months have been postponed; but the Government could only have put off its fall by doing nothing. Once a Government really makes up its mind upon a thing with the Chamber as at present composed, there is immediately an opposition to thwart it. M. Monis only contrived to keep things together by rapidly changing his mind about sabotage and champagne; by hanging up the budget; and by taking no definite line as to electoral reform.

M. Monis piously expressed a hope that his "policy" would survive him. This little speech reveals an unsuspected vein of humour in the ex-Premier. What was the "policy" of M. Monis? The succession of M. Caillaux ought to mean that the Income Tax Bill will be pushed through the Senate, and that electoral reform will be taken seriously in hand. But in fact the income tax idea will be killed instead. M. Caillaux has said it. Also his Ministry shuffles back a little to the Right; and leaves the Socialists bitterly sorry that they did not support M. Monis to better purpose. With M. Caillaux as Prime Minister we may again hear the comfortable old phrases of the Briand régime—"apaisement" and "concentration". At any rate the new Premier has character and definite views. Things will not stand still as with M. Monis.

The Austrian elections have ended in the riots which so often disgrace Austrian politics and in the resignation of the Ministry. Its fall is due to the disaster which has overtaken the Christian Socialist party. The group has lost twenty seats out of ninety-six, and sixteen of its losses are in Vienna. The bottom has thus been knocked out of the party, its democratic wing has been destroyed. Its clerical wing survives, and the whole party is now Christian but not Socialist. In its new form it can no longer co-operate with the Liberals. That was made clear to the Premier when the Liberals of Vienna rejected his appeal to vote for Christian Socialist candidates at the second ballot. The Government coalition being destroyed, the Government very properly resigned at once. It will probably take some months for a new stable coalition to be formed.

The little group of Socialists in the Prussian Diet have been quite successful in bringing the session to a ludicrous close. The sitting was adjourned three times for want of a quorum, and points of order were thickly raised. The House was supposed to be discussing its own constitution, and the Conservatives amused themselves by voting for Radical amendments in order to drive the Liberals into the No lobby. In the end the Prime Minister appeared with the King's message closing the Diet. But the House had already done itself considerable mischief by its foolish behaviour. These proceedings will not increase the popularity of the present franchise.

Torgut Shevket has proclaimed an amnesty in the Mirdite and Malissori districts; but the Young Turks can hardly be surprised if the Albanians refuse to trust to its rather vague terms. The chiefs have put their side of the question in a formal answer to the Turkish Minister: a full tale of their wrongs from the revolution. It is a continuous record of devastation, murder, taxation, the closing of schools, the suppression of newspapers, the sending into exile of everyone likely to be independent or difficult for the Government. At the present moment the Turkish troops are raiding the Albanian uplands. The devastation of the country and butchery of non-combatants are systematic, and at Podgoritz it is almost impossible to deal with the refugees. The amnesty seems nothing but a blind to those on the spot, and it is openly said that Torgut Shevket intends to exterminate and not to pacify.

The determination of the Conference at Washington that pelagic sealing shall be hereafter prohibited is only just in time to save the seal from extinction. Hunting the seal by sea is a brutal and stupid practice which the Governments of Russia and the United States have long endeavoured to put down. What the practice means can only be realised by one who knows something of the seal's habits. The seals come to land in May from no one knows where, and almost immediately the female gives birth to a cub. The males then fight for supremacy over their fellows, and the successful males set up house with any number of females from twelve to 100. The wisest and most humane way of hunting the seal is to drive off the superfluous beaten males, and kill them alone. There is then no waste of valuable life to the colony, or loss of the slain.

To kill the seal by sea leads directly to the extirpation of the herd and to unimaginable suffering. The females who are nursing their cubs and already pregnant with an unborn generation, from time to time swim to sea sometimes for 200 miles to their feeding grounds. The pelagic sealer catches them at this moment, shooting them and recovering the bodies from the sea. Some swim off wounded to die; others are killed, but lost. In any case the death of the female means death to the cub left ashore. For every seal captured, five, on the average, are killed. Pelagic sealing is now by agreement to be illegal. Japan and Canada, who have been the chief pelagic hunters of the seal, are to be compensated for the loss of their trade by 30 per cent. of the land catch made by Russia and the United States. This extremely generous treatment of the pelagic hunters is due to the knowledge of their rivals that in a few years the seal would be extinct unless the practice were stopped.

It is now clear that the shipping strike has been so far successful that at most of the great ports trade is paralysed and the ill-effects are spreading to many other parts of the country. At Liverpool most of the great ocean-going ships have been prevented from sailing. At Southampton the men have practically obtained their demands. Hull has had a riot; and there and in the surrounding districts there is a scarcity of provisions, which is causing alarm. The mines in South Yorkshire are affected, and over 12,000 miners have had to leave off work. Not only the seamen are in arms, but thousands of dock labourers and others have now to be reckoned with. The Transport Workers' Federation has threatened drastic action, which means throwing its weight in the scale against the shipping firms who do not agree to a settlement. The Shipowners' Association met in London on Wednesday, and passed resolutions in favour of standard rates of wages and a moderate increase. Mr. Askwith, for the Board of Trade, is to go to Hull as Chairman of a meeting of owners and men; and it is possible that, with the favourable resolutions of the Shipowners' Association as a start, a settlement may be agreed on and the trouble soon ended.

On Sunday last Mr. Lloyd George made a strange discovery in a Baptist chapel. "There had never", he said, "been a revival or reform carried through except by the help and leadership of men who gained nothing by the movement. To think otherwise was one of the mistakes which the Labour Party had made". The whole case for aristocracy in a nutshell! These are strange words to come from the man who Lime-houses his way to "reform" by stirring cupidity in the mobile vulgus. Perhaps Mr. Lloyd George does not believe that his people's budget was a reform at all. It could not be a reform in the implication of his own words. It was carried through by deliberate instigation of the passion of self-interest in the mob. No reform, he says, was ever carried through that way.

Epilogue to the Coronation :

Woman, charged with being drunk and disorderly (to magistrate):

"If I can't get drunk when the King is crowned, when can I?"

NEARING THE CRISIS.

IF any Unionist has been silly enough to suppose that concession or conciliatory attitude on the Opposition's part will tend to bring the present Government to a reasonable frame of mind, he must by now see that he has been a fool for his pains. We will say this for Lord Morley that he wasted no time in beating about the bush. He did not trouble himself to be courteous, but told the Opposition straightly enough that it was no use their wasting time in argument, for the Government were not going to consider their proposals. This was rude, but rudeness, even, may be almost preferable to palaver. We all want to get to the heart of this business; we want to touch the spot; and Lord Morley helped forward the process. His attitude says plainly enough that no reasonableness, no moderation, no gentleness, no tact will have the slightest effect with the Government. They must either have their way entire or they won't play. And Lord Morley and Lord Haldane both backed up this attitude of brutal refusal by beggary of argument. If they had argued, it would have been a kind of admission that argument might affect them; that they had a mind, if not open, at any rate a little ajar. So they made no attempt to answer any of the arguments addressed to them. From the debating point of view, indeed, nothing could be more pitiful or contemptible than Lord Morley and Lord Haldane's speeches. Their cue was not reason; no doubt they had been instructed by the Master of Elibank not to argue. It was a wise direction every way. When you have a bad case backed by superior numbers, why give yourself away by talking about it? Vote and say nothing, that is the line.

What is the good of argument at all, if the Government have already made up their mind absolutely, as they plainly have, to accept no amendment of their Bill? Why not formally move the official amendments and pass them in an hour? So far as the House of Lords goes, that might be the best way. It would save everybody in that House time and trouble, but there are others not in that House, others not steeped in the question, not keen partisans: for them a Lords' debate on these amendments may be very useful. Some at any rate of these will note Lord Cromer and Lord Curzon's arguments, and will also note that Lord Morley did not attempt to answer them. It is a matter of deciding whether a Bill is a money Bill or not, a decision on which the most important consequences may hang; for a money Bill under the Parliament Bill arrangement would become law within a month of its leaving the House of Commons, and by the Government's definition, anything, any policy in the world, can be expressed in a money Bill. Lord Haldane himself said on Wednesday: "There is hardly a financial Bill which comes up from the House of Commons which does not embody general policy". So that the Government are naturally anxious to make every Cabinet Bill they can a money Bill; the House of Lords naturally desire the reverse; seeing that they have renounced their constitutional right to modify money Bills. Thus the question whether a Bill is or is not a money Bill becomes a question between the Lords and Commons in form, in fact between the Lords and the Government. Obviously then, anyone called to decide such a question should be independent of both Houses alike; he should have no association with either. It stands to reason that no man associated with one House more closely than with another can be really impartial as between them, though he may honestly wish to be. So what do the Government propose? They make the Speaker of the House of Commons arbiter—arbiter of this question between the two Houses. The Speaker! who formally represents the House of Commons, who, in a sense, is the House of Commons. He is the impartial unbiassed party who is to decide rival claims between his own House and the House of Lords. It is exactly as though in an international dispute you made the Sovereign or President of one of the arbitrating nations arbiter. The proposal is so monstrous that it is difficult to believe it

is made seriously. In fact, it is not made seriously as an attempt to provide a fair way of deciding, as between Lords and Commons, what is and what is not a money Bill. But it is made very seriously as a device for securing a permanent and wholly unfair advantage to the House of Commons—the Government—as against the House of Lords. The Government are not the least concerned to get the thing done fairly, but only to get it done in their favour. The very point on which so much stress is laid, of the impartiality of the Speaker as between parties in the House, is a point against making him arbiter between the two Houses. He is non-partisan as between parties in the Commons because he stands for the House as a whole as against and distinct from its parties; which in itself makes him a partisan as against a rival House, the House of Lords. As Lord Lansdowne said, he knows nothing about the House of Lords, is never in touch with it, while he knows everything about the House of Commons and is always in touch with it. With every wish and every effort possible to be impartial, the Speaker could not be. The Government knows this, and in giving him the decision as to Money Bills they are loading the dice. Political gamblers they have always been, but they have usually had the decency to veil their sharp practices. But in this they are loading the dice almost in the eye of the public. And they attach extreme importance to the trick. They will not accept an amendment which probably would leave things much as before, because it possibly might not. Lord Cromer proposed to join with the Speaker a Joint Committee of the two Houses, seven from each; the Speaker to be chairman. Presumably the fourteen members must be so selected that there would be seven of each party; or it becomes at once a partisan committee. It might be that some of these fourteen would rise above their party bias and approach the question independently; then the joint Committee would be a real improvement on the Speaker. But we cannot pretend to think this very likely. In fact, it seems pretty certain that every man would vote according to his party, which would leave the control in the hands of the Speaker as before. It would be extremely difficult, to say the least, for a Radical, under the present ministry, to take sides against a critical and controversial Bill being a money Bill which his Government had passed as such. He would be marked down by the Whips and called to account by his constituents. It would of course be easier for a peer member to side against his House, for he has no constituents. In fact, what amount of impartiality there was would probably be found amongst the Lords, who would mainly be Conservative. The Joint Committee would work rather in favour of the Commons. As a plan it is spoilt by the Speaker being chairman, an arrangement the Lords had foolishly committed themselves to last November. But it is a better plan, for it has possibilities if remote, than the Government plan of the Speaker only, which is indefensible entirely.

It is well that, in spite of the intolerant attitude of the Government, the amendment was pressed and carried. This looks like business. We have gained less than nothing so far by holding out the olive branch; it has been taken as a sign of weakness, perhaps correctly. In no other way has it been considered. Even if we had no chance of winning in the end, an admission we do not make for one moment, it would still be the best thing to fight as hard as possible to the very last. Every obstacle, technical or real, must be thrown in the Government's way; every difficulty aggravated; every position stubbornly fought. The Government have chosen the intransigent way; let them take the consequences. At any rate we are not to help them out of difficulties entirely of their own making. They are hopelessly behindhand in their parliamentary work; the difficulties of the session are only now beginning for them; now is the time for the Opposition to fight: now is the time when they can make themselves felt. We can well understand that Mr. Asquith would give much to escape the odious undertaking to which he has committed himself. How graceful, how grateful, for him, after the dignities and courtesies of all the Coronation

functions, to go to the King and ask him to manufacture five hundred peers to keep Mr. Asquith in office against the wish of his most loyal subjects. That is the plain truth of the matter. If Mr. Asquith could keep off without the Irish Nationalists, there would be no talk of making the five hundred peers; nor would there be any parliamentary deadlock.

SHORTENING THE ARM OF ENGLAND.

THE new code of international law at sea, whose principles are laid down by the Declaration of London, and whose details it is proposed to legalise by the Naval Prize Bill, is directed against Great Britain by a combination of Continental Powers led by Germany. It may be taken for granted that even our professed allies on the Continent, France and Russia, are a little jealous of England's naval power, and would not be sorry to see it clipped. That Germany should succeed in persuading a host of smaller Powers, like Holland and Switzerland and Argentina, to support her bold manœuvre to shorten the arm of England is only natural, for envy is the shade of greatness. But what is astonishing in the last degree is that the Government of Great Britain should allow itself to be gulled by a few flatulent phrases about civilisation and should calmly invite a nation of sailors to walk into the trap set for it by the German War Office. England, as the greatest naval power in the world, has everything to lose and nothing to gain by this new code of sea-law, which imposes restrictions on naval belligerents which would never be tolerated for an hour by German generals if applied to war on land. As an instance of this we may refer to the extraordinary clause which covers despatches, even on an enemy's ship, with the sanctity of the international post-office! In olden days many wars have been decided by the interception of despatches; and in land-wars the most strenuous efforts are made to seize the enemy's despatches or cut the line of his communications. But such strides have we made in civilisation that a British captain, after capturing and boarding an enemy's ship, may search for arms, and perhaps for food (after an Old Bailey cross-examination on the quarterdeck), but all letters he must hand with a bow unopened to his captive. Are we really gone mad?

The discussion in the House of Commons and at the Cannon Street Hotel meeting convened by the London Chamber of Commerce revolved round three points—the carriage of food-stuffs, the sinking of neutral ships, and the conversion of merchantmen into men-of-war on the high seas. The question of food-stuffs is, of course, by far the most important. There are three views of the marine transport of food in time of war—two extreme views and a middle one. (1) That food should in no circumstances be contraband of war; this is the absolute non-contraband view. (2) That food should in all circumstances be contraband; this is the absolute contraband view. (3) That food should be sometimes contraband and sometimes not, according to circumstances; this is the middle, or conditional, contraband view. There is much to be said for the extreme views, (1) and (2), though they are antipodean and mutually exclusive. There is nothing to be said for the middle view, which is that of the Declaration of London and the Naval Prize Bill. The opponents of the Declaration and the Bill thus advance to the attack from opposite points of the compass, as their objections are diametrically opposed, but they meet at the London Chamber of Commerce. The absolute non-contraband view is held mainly by the Chambers of Commerce, by the ship-owners, and by the importers—in a word, by the trading interests. The absolute contraband view is held by sailors and jurists, whose very able advocate is Mr. Thomas Gibson Bowles. The conditional or hypothetical view is held by the German War Office and its satellite Powers, and by the British Government. Anyone who takes the trouble to think out the question will hold the first or the second of the extreme views, according as he regards the matter from (a) the neutral or (b) the belligerent standpoint. The neutral standpoint concerns commercial men, in the first instance and superficially; the belligerent standpoint concerns sailors and fighting-men, in the first instance, though, of course, it vitally

concerns us all, from admirals, ship-owners, and corn-merchants down to City clerks and artisans and the meanest of feeble folk. The Chambers of Commerce and the trading interests ask themselves first of all, and perhaps naturally, how will our trade be affected by a war between our neighbours, of which we shall be spectators, and out of which, as neutral carriers, we shall make a great deal of money? From this point of view it is undoubtedly better that food-stuffs should be unconditional non-contraband, because the carriage of food to belligerents by neutrals, if unaccompanied by the risk of capture, would be very profitable, and as Great Britain is the greatest carrier in the world we should profit more than anybody. Of course, the commercial men do not put their case in this crude way, nor is it their sole determinant motive. They contend that if food is made contraband Great Britain, if a belligerent, would be in danger of starvation, and doubtless their apprehensions are sincere. But a confusion of motives necessarily leads to a confusion of policy: and in their desire to make money out of a war in which we should be neutrals, the commercial men jeopardise our position in a war in which we should be belligerents. There is, in our opinion, no greater danger of our being starved by making food contraband than of our being defeated at sea—in fact, the two risks are the same. Our fleet might be destroyed, undoubtedly, and then we should be in danger of starvation; but then the war would be over, and then, to quote Kipling's sublime refrain, it would be a case of "pay, pay, pay". But so long as our fleet is undestroyed, our twelve hundred miles of sea-coast are open at many points to the reception of food. The vital point is to prevent the destruction of our fleet, and this is nowise affected by the question whether corn is contraband or not. Consider the difficulties of hypothetical or conditional contraband—the very name is music in a lawyer's ears! Our admirals and captains will have to investigate and decide, in a few hours' time and on a rolling sea, questions the most subtle and difficult that can solicit the decision of a court of law, such as: (1) What is the real nationality of the vessel whose papers I am now examining? (2) Who is her real owner? And is he a born, a naturalised, or a domiciled citizen of the country he calls his own? (3) What is the real destination of the vessel? (4) Has she changed her course since sailing? (5) Is her professed port of destination a base of supplies or not? (6) Who is the consignee of the cargo? Is he an ordinary merchant? or is he a Government contractor? (7) Is half the cargo in the hold contraband? or three-fourths? or one-third? Such are some of the nice questions of fact and law which a Grenville, a Blake, or a Beresford will have to decide, "at Flores in the Azores", without the assistance of Mr. Arthur Cohen, or Lord Desart. Probably the captain will make a mistake; and ten years afterwards—it took eleven years to settle the Delagoa Bay case by arbitration at Berne—the point will be decided by the International Prize Court, composed of fourteen foreign judges (summoned from Honduras, Bolivia, Roumania, and other great naval nations of that class), and one Englishman. Such is the prospect opened up to us by the new international code on hypothetical contraband. And this code is dictated to the greatest naval Power in the world by our Continental rivals, backed by such marine authorities as Guatemala, Servia, Hayti, and Switzerland. To such depths of folly and humiliation can a Radical Government descend, when inspired by the divine afflatus of cosmopolitanism.

The true point of view from which to regard this question is that of the belligerent. With all deference to the Chambers of Commerce, the question is not, what will happen to our trade in a war in which we are neutrals, but how are we to strengthen our arm in a war in which we are belligerents? In our judgment—though we know many able men and sincere patriots think otherwise—it is to the advantage of the strongest Naval Power that food-stuffs should be in all circumstances contraband of war, and therefore seizable in all bottoms, neutral and hostile. The strongest naval Power is the best able to protect her own food supplies, and to capture the food supplies of the enemy: and that ability is far and away the best asset in a naval war. To interfere with that

ability, to tie it up by treaties, to involve it in legal penalties and disputes, is to shorten the arm of the strongest naval Power. We have no sympathy with the view that wars should be rendered as gentle and as little inconvenient as possible. That is the way to prolong war: the really humane policy is that which shortens war. Great Britain either commands the great highways of marine traffic or we are nothing. With that command, we should be able to break the strongest Continental Power. To submit to a deprivation of that command is to disarm ourselves, to put ourselves on a level with Powers whose armies could wipe out our tiny land force in a few weeks.

We have not space for more than one or two lines about the sinking of neutral ships, and the conversion of merchantmen into ships of war at sea. The sinking of neutral ships strikes us, not as a stride forward to the polished humanity of the Hague diplomatists, but as a recurrence to the primitive methods of barbarism. How is the captor to provide for the crew of the vessel sunk? As to the conversion at sea of a merchantman into a man-of-war, we always thought that the anger excited by the "Alabama" case arose from the fact that she left Liverpool in the modest guise of a tramp and put on her war-paint when out of sight of our shores. It certainly seems an odd triumph of civilisation that sailing under false pretences, with the "Black Roger" stowed below, should be consecrated by an international code. But these mysteries are trifles compared with the great fact that, uncoerced by external calamity or defeat, in the plethora of our prosperity and strength, we are meekly taking orders from the military Powers of Europe to shorten our naval arm, and without equivalent concessions regarding war on land. If modern war is to be made a drawn-out game of science, in which no brutality is permitted, let the same rules apply to land as sea. What would the German War Office say to that?

THE POLITICAL OUTLOOK IN FRANCE.

M. MONIS' Ministry has fallen after a chequered existence of four months, and M. Caillaux has succeeded in forming a Cabinet to take its place at any rate for the moment. General Goiran's injudicious statement was but the pretext for that Government's defeat; for the supreme command of the Army in the event of war was hardly a question of immediate interest. Parliament and the country were both heartily sick of a Government which did not know its own mind and was constantly vacillating between one extreme and the other. M. Berteaux's death robbed it of its most advanced member who had a personality of his own. M. Monis' accident deprived it of the supreme direction of the man who was largely responsible for its vacillation and its weakness. During the last four months it has piled blunder upon blunder. It endeavoured to meet the grievances and especially the violence and outrage with which the wine-growers in the Marne had enforced them by creating a monopoly in the manufacture of champagne. When this monopoly had been resented in the same way and by the same methods in the Aube, M. Monis sent enough troops into the department to increase the irritation but not to awe the rioters into submission and still further offended local feeling by proposing to place the champagne manufactured there at a disadvantage with its rival. He finally resolved after more vacillation to adopt the solution proposed by the Senate which adjourned without solving the difficulty. This was however but one of his many failures. The discussion of the Budget was so long delayed as to make a seventh "douzièmes provisoires" the only possible remedy. The question of Old Age Pensions was so muddled that what was once regarded as a popular reform became a weapon in the hands of the enemies of the Government. M. Monis then endeavoured to meet the grievances of those railwaymen who had been dismissed from the service of the companies either for organising the strike or indulging in acts of violence or wanton destruction by arguing that the word of the State ought to have no value, that

public contracts need not be respected, that the Companies were not masters in their own house and that Revolution by the will of the Chamber must prevail against public order. In short he did everything possible to imperil public interest and flout public opinion and thereby increased public insecurity. When we compare his Ministry with those which have preceded him we may say it was the worst of the ministries formed during the last twelve years of the Third Republic. It only needed the approval of the Socialist and Revolutionary elements in the Chamber and in the country to complete its discomfiture, and this was granted by M. Jaurès. Those great politicians who refused to tolerate M. Briand, backed as he was by a Parliamentary majority, now regret the downfall of his successor, even though he only represented a minority in the country and in the Chamber and was but a lukewarm supporter of that system of electoral reform to which the Socialist party as well as the other elements of the majority are irretrievably committed.

The time is fast approaching when the question of "scrutin de liste" accompanied by proportional representation must be embodied in a bill and presented to Parliament in a practical form. We quite agree with those who fear that the immediate effect of this reform may be exaggerated. An alteration in the boundaries of the constituencies does not necessarily imply a change in the political opinions of the majority, and until this has been effected we cannot hope for very much. Its value is limited to the check which the extension of these boundaries must impose on the corrupt influences which began to dominate French politics after 1877 and which have become worse since the creation of the Bloc. In so far it is a step in the right direction and may eventually pave the way for some independence of thought and of action. If any evidence were needed it is supplied by the dread with which this reform is regarded by the Combists and Radical Socialists and especially by those eighty members of the groups who met on Monday last in one of the Committee Rooms of the Palais Bourbon. They declared themselves partisans of what they are pleased to call the "scrutin majoritaire", passed an order of the day in favour of a measure of electoral reform that will meet with the approval of the whole Republican party, and trust that the new Government will take this decision into account as imposed by the necessity of consolidating the union of the groups of the Left. They may hope by this form of bravado to intimidate the new Government into dealing with the question on their own lines as expounded by M. Varenne in the "Matin" in such a way as to accentuate the powers of the actual majority. Still the fact remains that both the country and the Chamber are in favour of a policy that will tend to emancipate the electorate from the control of those corrupt influences which have proved so effective in the past. The supporters of the reform have at the same time been able to establish that the great majority of the Chamber has pronounced itself categorically and that they will regard any Government which does not afford an efficacious and loyal support to electoral reform as out of touch with the will of the people. They would have perhaps done more for the cause, if instead of regarding the report of the Parliamentary Commission as the maximum of concession, they had denounced that "apparetement" which by authorising compromises between kindred groups preserves one of the greatest evils of the existing system.

M. Caillaux's new Ministry contains a majority of supporters of electoral reform. Out of its sixteen members only five uphold the existing system of scrutin d'arrondissement and these are by no means the most influential members of the Government. M. Augagneur, the ex-Governor of Madagascar and Socialist deputy for Lyons, is the only Secretary of State who takes this view, whilst the other four are only Under-Secretaries. Still one may well ask oneself why a supporter of the "scrutin de liste" like M. Caillaux should include in his Government representatives of the minority on this the vital question of the hour, and whether he has not thereby prepared its dissolution. Many other criticisms might also be made on the composition of

the new Ministry. Like many another French statesman, M. Caillaux is handicapped by the burden of an awkward past. Though the son of a leading member of the Duc de Broglie's Cabinet of 16 May he was but a short time ago regarded as an extreme Radical, the author of a progressive income tax scheme, which has hitherto failed to secure the approval of the French bourgeoisie. It may be argued that he has of late modified many of his more advanced views; still this modification is too recent to inspire confidence. M. Messimy, the new Minister of War, has been described as "trop civil pour les militaires et trop militaire pour les civils" and is most unpopular with a section of M. Caillaux's Radical supporters. M. de Selves, the Prefect of the Seine, who now becomes Minister, has considerable charm of manner but has been held by many to be responsible for the deplorable condition of the streets of Paris. M. Klotz, who now resumes the post of Minister of Finance which he held in M. Briand's Ministry, is a guarantee that M. Caillaux's more extreme financial proposals will be thrown overboard in the Senate. M. Lebrun, the new Colonial Minister, has hitherto been regarded as an authority on public works, whilst M. Couyba, the new Minister of "Beaux Arts", used at one time to be known to the frequenters of the small theatres at Montmartre under the name of Maurice Boukay. In these circumstances the new Cabinet will probably have neither a long nor a quiet life. It will however render considerable service to France if it can by passing some fair scheme of electoral reform pave the way for that revolution which must occur when once the country has been emancipated from Ministerial pressure and political corruption.

COMMERCIAL CHAOS.

IT is high time that all who are interested in the stability of our international commercial relations considered carefully the great change in those relations which will be brought about by the decisions of the Imperial Conference. In the discussion of the method of procedure by which they would bring their proposals into effect there is one subject which Tariff Reformers have always maintained should be approached with the greatest caution so as not to make any greater breach in the existing order than is necessary, and that subject is the revision of the commercial treaties of the United Kingdom. Certainly none of the proposals hitherto made by responsible Tariff Reformers has involved any violent disruption of the system which has grown up during the last sixty years. Mr. Balfour himself has over and over again pointed out the grave complications arising from the forms assumed by the new treaties negotiated by the Dominion of Canada and the disasters that might ensue if the situation were not dealt with on the broad lines of an Imperial policy. But no difficulties apparently are present to the mind of Sir Edward Grey, and having failed ignominiously to secure any considerable concessions in his recent negotiations with Japan, and having in the same negotiations gone as far as circumstances permitted to destroy the fiscal autonomy of the United Kingdom, he is quite willing to take in hand the negotiation of forty-four treaties. He has undertaken this colossal work by the decision which he communicated to the Imperial Conference to accept Sir Wilfrid Laurier's resolution for the withdrawal of the Dominions from the Imperial treaty system and to renegotiate those treaties so far as they affect the United Kingdom.

Now let us see precisely what the course decided upon by his Majesty's Government really involves. Canada, under existing treaties, has found herself obliged to give the benefit of any reduction of duties to any country to the Argentine Republic, Austria-Hungary, Denmark, Russia, Switzerland, and others. Japan was originally one, but the old treaty comes to an end next month. All the tariff reductions conceded by Canada in her recent treaty arrangements have had to be extended to the countries enumerated above. On the denunciation of the treaties

by the British Government the advantages these countries derive from such extension cease. That is, in the first place by denunciation of these most-favoured-nation treaties we take from the countries concerned precisely the privilege to which they attach importance at the present time, for clearly so long as this country maintains a policy of free importation no tariff advantage is obtained by the foreign country concerned under the most-favoured-nation treaty. Sir Edward Grey proposes to renegotiate the treaties he denounces. How is he going to do it? What advantages has he to offer? We have no means of bringing pressure to bear on any of these countries by a negotiating tariff. The extreme weakness of the United Kingdom in this respect has never been more signally shown than in the recent Japanese treaty, in which it was found necessary in order to obtain the quite trivial concessions we did get to bind the hands of the British Government under a clause promising not to impose duties upon certain products imported from Japan during the currency of the treaty. Does Sir Edward Grey propose to go round to the countries of the word and give a similar promise in order to purchase similar illusory advantages? We can imagine that this might appeal to a fanatical Free Trader anxious to put obstacles in the way of Tariff Reform; but such a course would clearly destroy the fiscal autonomy of the United Kingdom and is entirely contrary to the views of great Liberal statesmen in the past. The Chancellor of the Exchequer, under treaties negotiated upon such a basis as this, would find himself hampered in every direction in dealing with problems of indirect taxation and would be forced more and more to rely upon the income tax and the death duties and other forms of direct taxation which have already been carried to a dangerous point.

Turn now to the position of the Dominions in the new order. We may take Canada because so far Canada is the only Dominion engaged in direct negotiation with foreign countries. The denunciation of the existing treaties will be immediately followed by numerous offers from foreign countries to negotiate new treaties so as to secure for themselves in the Canadian market the concessions lost by the denunciation of the most-favoured-nation treaties, and any fresh concessions they can obtain by reciprocity. But having asked to be relieved of the old treaties because of the inconveniences arising from the most-favoured-nation clause, it is inconceivable that Canada would at once begin to surrender her newly-obtained freedom by including in the treaties she negotiated an unconditional most-favoured-nation clause. She must follow the precedent she has herself set in her treaty with France. That treaty contains a most-favoured-nation clause, but it is a most-favoured-nation clause limited to the specific articles included in the treaty and does not carry with it the obligation of extending to France the concessions Canada grants on any other articles to any other foreign country. Canada has in fact virtually broken away from the British interpretation of the most-favoured-nation clause and fallen into line with that of the United States of America. Sir Wilfrid Laurier laid down the principle that in any foreign treaties negotiated by the Dominions it is to be understood that concessions granted to any foreign country are to be extended to all the rest of the British Empire, so that foreign countries, in accordance with this principle, are not to be put into a more favourable position in the Canadian market than any part of the Empire. This has been the Canadian practice hitherto. This principle, widely extended and linked up with the power of direct negotiation exercised by several Dominions, profoundly affects the international commercial situation. Under the existing most-favoured-nation treaties which are now to be denounced foreign countries automatically enjoy in British Empire markets any concessions granted by any Dominion to any foreign country. Under Sir Wilfrid Laurier's principle, foreign countries are never to enjoy in a British Empire market any advantage as against any part of the British Empire. It is extremely unlikely that foreign

countries anxious to push their trade in the great expanding markets of the British Empire will not try to find some way round a position so detrimental to their interests, and judging from the analogy of tariff developments on the continent of Europe, we may take for granted that they will try to obtain concessions from any one Dominion, such as Canada, in such a form that although they are nominally extended to the United Kingdom and the rest of the Empire they are in fact confined to the negotiating foreign country, and we shall find a movement in the British Empire leading to the greater specialisation of Colonial tariffs similar to that which has worked such havoc with the most-favoured-nation clause on the Continent of Europe.

To sum up, the results of the decision of the British Government to set free the Dominions from the obligations of the existing most-favoured-nation treaties while at the same time refusing to adopt a policy of Preference will be:—

(1) That either the present Government or that which succeeds it will have before it the extraordinarily difficult task of renegotiating between forty and fifty commercial treaties—a task which will probably prove to be quite impracticable in the absence of a negotiating tariff in the United Kingdom, and must present the greatest possible difficulties even with that tariff.

(2) That in this process, coupled with the developments going on in other parts of the Empire, the most-favoured-nation clause as it has hitherto been understood will be destroyed.

(3) That Canada and, later on, the other Dominions will be forced into an interpretation of most-favoured-nation treatment approximating to the exclusive interpretation put upon it by the United States.

(4) That this movement, coupled with the principle laid down that all concessions to foreign countries are to be extended to other parts of the Empire, must lead to greater specialisation of tariffs within the Empire.

(5) That there will be a period during which there are rival interpretations under the same sovereignty of similarly worded international documents, a state of affairs which can only lead to inextricable confusion.

(6) That the hasty and ill-considered reconstruction of British commercial arrangements thus forced upon the Empire must lead to a period of great instability in which our merchants and manufacturers will not know under what conditions they are to make their future contracts.

And all this because British Ministers will not face the facts of the modern commercial world and adapt the policy of the Empire to meet modern needs.

THE NEW STAMPS.

THE Coronation stamps have been ill received, and were the subject of questions and criticism in the House last Wednesday. We welcome yet another sign that public dealings with art are going to be more severely scrutinised than they have been in the past, and the official admission of at least some "disappointment" shows that the new attitude of the House will have its effect. At the same time we regret to see that criticism on this subject, as on that of the King's Memorial, concerns itself too much with the fringe of the matter and does not sufficiently attack the root vices of the design.

The two points on which the critics insisted were bad printing, and poor likeness to the head of the King. It is true that the printing is rather coarser than before, but better printing would not improve a bad design. It is true, again, that the likeness is a little heavy, but it is not beyond correction, in that respect, by a few touches of the graver. Those are really accidental defects compared with the radical wrongness of the whole thing. It is characteristic of an age whose ideas of art are rotten with photography that photographic likeness should appear, in the case of a stamp design, to be the first consideration. Let us take this point of the portrait first: How innocent the Mint and Post Office are in such matters is shown by Mr. Samuel's defence for the

head that it had been carefully engraved after a photograph expressly taken. A photograph, in lieu of study from the original, might very well provide material for the head on a medal or a stamp, but could only properly be used as a point of departure, as so much stuff to abstract from. Instead of doing this the artist has modelled up the head with fine lines like a half-tone block after a photograph. The result is something that cannot possibly be fitted into a design, unless the design of a picture rendered in realistic tones. On the conventional flat field of a stamp it is incongruous. And this, as it happens, is illustrated by the stamps themselves. On the penny stamp a lion, useless for any purpose except the demonstration of this point, has been introduced under the head. For the lion, being more nearly in the convention of drawing than the head, and not muddled away in tone, throws the King's head completely into eclipse, and war is openly declared on the tiny field of the stamp between photograph and drawing. The photograph has, however, infected the field behind it, which is covered with the same silly web of lines, and an attempt has even been made in the corners to model the field by "shading", i.e. to destroy its sense of flatness! This was more boldly done, however, in the case of the King Edward stamps.

For the rest, we can do little more than repeat what our critic said of those King Edward stamps nine years ago: "Our stamps being oblong pieces of paper, the designers invariably enclose the head in a circle or oval, as if they were at work on a medal or miniature. The circle or oval might be of some use if it acted as in the great medallion periods of design, playing a game of emphatic geometry with the curves of the head, but how is this possible with a photograph not so much as aware that it is in an oval, a photograph, too, that is not even in profile? But if the oval has no relation to the head, the oblong of the stamp has still less relation to the oval. A circle boldly stretched across the field and leaving space for legends top and bottom would be a tolerable arrangement. This oval, dropped upon a field for which it has not been made, has the most trivial effect and reduces the artist to packing and stuffing up the awkward spaces that are left. The lion or dolphins are stuck in below, a crown dangles above the head instead of being placed upon it; an alternative to the crown, in the shape of a wreath, surrounds the oval; the words "Postage" and "Revenue" are illegible on little twiddly scrolls; "One Penny" on a different scale, and in different type is duplicated by figures; and the man who makes this jumble is supposed to be a designer and equal to greater tasks!"

Now let us clean it up. First we put the King's crown upon his head and dispense with the superfluous wreath; the oval also we turn out. We reserve a margin all round for legends, and on the rest of the oblong field we draw the King's head in severe profile, all outline and solid—no half-tones—and draw it so that the lines of it play agreeably with the verticals and horizontals of the frame. Then we come to the legends. If we had only "Postage" and "One Penny" to deal with our design would be a return to the Victorian stamp of the seventies—an excellent model. But the use of one stamp for revenue as well as postage has made a difficulty the designers have never got over. What is wanted is the name of the country, as on foreign stamps, for the fourth side, say "British Realm" at the bottom; the price at the top; "Postage" and "Revenue" along the sides. All "shading" and lining of the field should be cleared away; where the paper does not show white the colour should be full and frank. The colours themselves might be improved. A scarlet or crimson would be better than the cherry employed, and the present green is even worse than the rather washy tint of the old half-penny stamps.

It is a sad reflection that since the seventies writing, lecturing, preaching, demonstration has been going on without ceasing on the principles of design; arts and crafts have been revived; every little town has its school of art; we are ready now with plans even for cities; but our Government does not know how to find anyone to plan a stamp, and we must go back to the despised

seventies for a model of that, as we must go back to the forties for our last decent coin, the florin of William Dyce.

THE CITY.

PRE-CORONATION business on the Stock Exchange was neither active nor lucrative; professionals closed their books, and hoped for post-Coronation activity. The markets are now "ex" all festivities and hindrances, and yet dealers are far from being happy. The old belief that a spell of cheap money must attract buyers to the Stock markets is less firmly held than it used to be. Many explanations of the public apathy are advanced, but none seems satisfactory. Possibly investors have not yet settled down after their celebrations and junketings. During the month calls amounting approximately to £15,000,000 fall due, and the equanimity of the Money market is not disturbed.

Frequently the Stock market gets a lift from Paris; at present little disposition to deal is manifested in that quarter, the political situation causing operators to hold their hands, while a further unfavourable influence there has been the approach of the settlement. On the Stock Exchange the account was arranged without difficulty, for the reason that there was little or nothing to settle. Occasionally rates ruled rather stiffer than at the mid-monthly carry-over. Gilt-edged securities have maintained a steady tone, but Consols have been up and down. Investors in Home Rails view with equanimity the effect upon quotations of the shipping strike; but speculators who have bought in anticipation of good Coronation traffic returns, and of satisfactory dividend announcements at the end of July, are in a less comfortable position. To add to the disquietude there is fear of a recrudescence of trouble in the coal trade. As the Board of Trade has decided to intervene in the shipping dispute, the outlook is viewed rather less unfavourably. The position is distinctly interesting, and offers capital chances to the bold investor. Securities of purely passenger lines are beginning to attract attention. South-Eastern stocks were put up on a report that the company is ordering a large number of trucks in anticipation of an output of coal in Kent. The order would seem to be placed a little early.

American Rails have provided the pyrotechnics. Prices hung fire pending the decision of the Circuit Court in the Union Pacific—Southern Pacific case. When judgment was delivered to the effect that the control of the Southern by the Union was not repugnant to the law, seeing that the competitive element was lacking, stocks shot up in all directions. Inferentially the decision was regarded as determining other cases of control; such a view, however, is premature, as the other cases in question are not of a parallel nature. Each will be tried on its merits. The Government is not pleased, and an appeal is talked of. Business in Eries was especially brisk at one time on reports that the Canadian Pacific was endeavouring to secure the control. As hesitancy to accept the statement is shown a recession in quotations is taking place. An attack is now apparently to be made on the Steel Corporation in connexion with the maintenance of wire-produce prices.

Persistent buying of Canadas has taken them to the neighbourhood of 250, and a much higher level is looked for. Trunks advanced in the expectation of a good May statement; as hopes were not realised, the bulls closed their commitments. Mexican Rails are dull, after a little outburst.

In the Industrial section Marconis have again been prominent, prospects being favourably discussed. National Telephone Deferred Stock has exhibited especial weakness, as the result of the Postmaster-General's success on a technical point in the Law Courts. The position, however, is not so bad as the price would indicate; it comes to this, that the onus of proving suitability rests with the company, the Postmaster-General not being obliged to prove unsuitability of plant. A dividend of 6 per cent. is declared on the deferred stock, and £200,000 is placed to reserve.

The Rubber market has been disappointing. Interest for the moment seems to have vanished and prices are on the down grade. Virtually the same may be said of oil shares. The Spies Company issued an excellent report, but nothing counts nowadays. Ural-Caspian have declined on the closing of a weak bull account. The Red Sea Oilfields has come to an arrangement with the Anglo-Saxon Petroleum Company, which is about the same as saying that the control has passed to that remarkable company the Shell Transport. Business in mining shares has hardly existed.

An issue of \$750,000 five per cent. first convertible debentures is being made by the Belding Paul and Corticelli Silk Company, Ltd., which has taken over companies that control almost the entire manufacture of silk threads, braids, and ribbons in Canada. The price is £90 per cent., and the figures of estimated earnings for the future show a big surplus after paying debenture interest.

INSURANCE.

THE SUN LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY OF CANADA.

PRESENTED in a new form, in order to comply with the provisions of the Assurance Companies Act, 1909, the British accounts of this somewhat pretentious Canadian life office possess exceptional interest, inasmuch as the extent of the business transacted here is for the first time revealed. The company, it may be as well to recall, was founded in Montreal in 1865, and, having made some headway in Canada and the United States, entered the United Kingdom in 1893 at a time when its assurance and annuity funds were quite small, being less than one-tenth of their present total. The first accounts made public here showed that in 1892 the premiums had amounted to £211,865, that £54,044 had been spent, and that on 31 December funds amounting to £666,754 had been accumulated; also that the new sums assured had totalled £1,308,364 in respect of 3027 policies which had been issued during the year. Although the same forcing methods that had proved so productive in the New World were adopted, and have been continued with considerable persistency ever since, no substantial progress seems to have been made in this country—a fact that can scarcely be regarded as a misfortune, in view of the constant heavy expenditure of the office. The statement just made public shows that in 1910 the London office received about £11,348 in new premiums and £66,337 for renewal premiums, or a total sum of £77,685; whereas the corresponding receipts out of the United Kingdom were £231,721 and £940,997 respectively, giving a total of £1,172,718, or about fifteen times as much.

As the London office has been established some eighteen years, it certainly cannot be said to have achieved any large measure of success—so far, at least, as the issue of policies of life assurance is concerned. Indeed, the invasion of the Mother Country must have resulted disastrously had not capitalists allowed themselves to be tempted by annuity rates which British actuaries regard as unsafe. How much the branch here cost the company last year is not stated, but according to the revenue account an amount of £183,443 was disbursed in payment of commissions—about £13,940 in the United Kingdom and £169,503 in Canada and elsewhere. Portions of these sums were, however, paid in respect of annuity bonds sold, £245,088 having been received as “consideration” here and £42,624 in the Dominion and all other countries. How much was spent in this way in the United Kingdom is not stated, but the amount, whatever it may have been, could not have been considerable. As a rule, the allowance to agents ranges from 1 up to 2 per cent. on the capital sum invested, and many annuitants pay over the counter, saving the office some expense. On the former basis—assuming commission was paid in all cases—the cost of the British annuities would be, say, £2451, leaving £11,849 as the sum disbursed on the small life assurance business. A ratio of 14.79 per cent. is then disclosed. At the higher rate of 2 per cent. the charge for the annuities would

amount to £4902, and the ratio would be reduced to 11.63. And in either case expenses of management would add very materially to the cost of obtaining policyholders in this country.

Unfortunately the accounts of this office consistently testify to extravagant administration. “Surplus Funds” shows that the ratio of actual expenses to premiums was 29.41 per cent. in the 1892-96 quinquennium, and 31.08 per cent. and 29.88 per cent. in each of the two succeeding periods. Nor has the position greatly improved since the last valuation was made. Over the whole of the business the large sum of £342,528 was spent in 1910—£183,443 for commission and £159,085 for management expenses, and for these outlays, amounting altogether to £342,528, premiums to the extent of £1,268,059 were received, plus £287,712 as consideration for annuities granted. Such figures are alarming, even when the fullest allowance is made for the magnitude of the Company’s operations, which resulted in £244,463 being received in new premiums last year. That sum was, however, much less than the total expenditure. On the assumption that all initial yearly premiums can safely be spent on procuration—British actuaries do not admit this hypothesis—it is evident that the renewals, which amounted to £1,023,595, cost £99,065 to collect. The ratio disclosed—9.68 per cent.—is unsatisfactory, seeing that 7½ per cent. is usually allowed for managing this side of a business. Of course, some deduction must be made in respect of the annuity transactions, but, on the other hand, the new premiums included £18,282 received by single payments, and the difference between that amount and its value in annual premium income would more than cover all charges in connexion with the annuities.

“GALA” MUSIC.

By JOHN F. RUNCIMAN.

LET up suppose the impossible. Let us ask what would happen if the Editor of this REVIEW had asked Mr. D. S. MacColl, or Max, or “P. J.” to turn off something of this sort:—

“Covent Garden on a gala night is a scene which can never be effaced from the memory. The simple outlines of the great house lend themselves so well to decorative effects, and form such an appropriate background to the ever-shifting panorama of dazzling color which the audience presents that the whole is a perfect picture of undreamed of splendor.”

What would D. S. M. or Max or “P. J.” reply? What would they think of the Editor? Would their language be fit for publication? Or would they respectfully intimate that they were critics, serious critics, and declined to gloat and mouth over the sight of a theatre so vulgarly over-decorated as to resemble a coster-girl’s hat? And what would readers think of an Editor who tried to get such twaddle out of his serious critics? I fancy they would come in their thousands and set fire to the office.

More than half the papers of London are printing such stuff from the pens of their presumably serious musical critics. The above quotation is clipped from an article in a morning paper, and bears the critic’s customary signature. One day the writer gravely discusses Elgar, Strauss and other composers, and poses as a very learned authority indeed: the next day he scribbles off more than half a column of “undreamed of [lingual] splendor”. Even then he seems to have felt that some other serious critic might go one better and he makes another effort:—

“It was a group of unsurpassable brilliance, a welter of gorgeous colour, and full of deep historical significance.”

Most of the dailies indulged in similarly flowery language, but the authors betrayed a little bashfulness about attaching their names. One hardy gentleman, however, was in such a mighty hurry to be first in the field that two days before this gala affair at Covent

Garden he gave us over—or rather, under—his name nearly a column of this :—

"Of course, it will be roses, roses everywhere, roses clambering from the floor of the house to the roof, entwining the pillars of the boxes; roses of every hue, from dark to light pink. Royal monograms, the emblems of the Rose, Shamrock, and Thistle, the arms of Canada, Australia, South Africa, and New Zealand. Golden Cornucopia baskets connected with festoons of flowers, all fashioned with the queen of blooms, will meet the eye at every turn.

"The furnishings of the Royal box, the foyer, and entrance hall will be no less remarkable. For these purposes ten pantehnicons of Louis Seize furniture will be required, on which an insurance policy for £10,000 has been taken out."

What is there about a Coronation that it should be celebrated by such an orgy of downright bad English, that reputable musical critics should throw spadefuls of verbal molasses over their readers? Here are a few more samples from the dailies :—

"... colour, the simple assertive colour that marks the manly taste in symbols of office, is seen at its best under conditions such as these, artificial roses, artificial lights, the mood of high play and stately entertainment, and mingled with the more delicate, suggestive shades under which women reveal or hide their moods and temperaments."

"From the Royal box the house looked like a bower of roses from an enchanted garden. . . . There were statistics to show that 100,000 roses had been used. . . ."

"A vast bower of roses, the flowers gleaming against a dark green background of foliage."

"It was indeed a night of astonishing brilliance and picturesqueness."

"Covent Garden Theatre was transformed into a fairyland of flowers."

"There was a dream of splendour in a frame of flowers", etc.

"Roses everywhere—a bower of a hundred thousand roses", etc.

Here we have a "welter" of adjectives. London seems to be inundated with them and a special machine will be required to sweep them away. Of course in many cases there is no means of learning who is responsible for the deluge, but equally of course in many cases there is—at least a critic must accept the responsibility for matter which bears his name.

The epidemic of sugary words, the degradation of our noble tongue, does not concern me apart from its connexion with musical criticism. Flowery language has been abundant in all the descriptions of Coronation ceremonies and functions; but these are no part of my business. I cannot imagine why it has invaded the columns which, in many instances, are devoted to serious, often solemn, criticism. The "Daily Telegraph" is honourably free from it; but wherever else I have looked it is to be found in nauseating plenty. The fact is that the critics ought not to have been asked to "write up" Coronation festivities at all. Their papers should have been content with criticisms of the musical performances, or, if no criticisms were needed, they should have been content to go without any. So little about the actual music of the gala night has appeared that one is justified in saying that nothing was needed. The gentlemen who earn an honest livelihood by reporting fires, burglaries and murders were quite competent to deal with the episode.

For, after all, the gala night was a gorgeous social affair and the music was only incidental. In fact, the three excerpts from operas made a poor show compared with the Russian dancers; and excepting for the look of the thing it would have been better had the entertainment been left to them entirely. Mme. Tetrassini sang showily—I would say brilliantly, if the word had not been so much overworked of late; Mme. Melba, if not at her best, at any rate pleased her many admirers. The others also sang as well as possible to an audience

that was more interested in what was going on behind their backs than on the stage. As for the dancers, I say nothing about them—it is a subject of which I know nothing; and when the ballet arrives I always take my departure. The whole affair was undoubtedly "brilliant" (alas, that poor word) and worthy of the occasion. My complaint is that the musical critics were selected to report it. "Roses, roses everywhere"—mainly artificial roses—are not a good substitute for literature, or even for honest workaday journalism.

AN HONEST PLAY FROM PARIS.

I DO not know what they are saying in Paris of Henry Becque. He has his admirers there; he even has a statue. But it is easy to read in the "Souvenirs d'un Auteur Dramatique" that he suffered in his life from the stupidity of things, and to deduce from the small number of his plays that he was not the successful author writing marketable stuff with a strait view to royalties. Whatever the opinion of Paris, I am sure that in London he would never have had the smallest chance of success. For he has the supreme virtue, hateful to the British hedonist, of a pitiless moral honesty. Every good French author has it. It is the one element in a French play carefully removed by the British hack-writers who bowdlerise French plays for London consumption. These plays adapted from the French for our West End stage in London are the nastiest product as yet provided in answer to a popular demand. They are sex plays unredeemed by any attempt to look facts in the face. In the modern French play adultery, at any rate, is adultery: the subject is treated honestly and frankly. The attitude of the author may be morally censorious, which is rare; or it may be absolutely non-moral and analytic. But there is no shirking the facts of the situation. The British variety, on the other hand, is smeared with suggestion. The ugliness never shows. The treatment is in the furtive manner of one who tells a story behind his hand.

In the English version of "La Parisienne", produced on Monday at the New Royalty Theatre in Soho, there is little regard shown for the type of person who sniggers for a hundred nights at the exploits and perplexities of "Dear Old Charlie". The dry air of Paris is still dry; and the honest, clear reality of Henry Becque's play in the French is preserved in the English. There is no rose-and-water glamour about the wicked, faithless wife; the husband is neither more nor less ridiculous than the lover; there is none of the British stage assumption that stolen fruit is sweeter than fruit which may be lawfully eaten. Henry Becque wrote faithfully and without illusion of the ménage à trois. He does not suggest that this ménage is an exceptional or wicked arrangement; he simply portrays it as it is. The fundamental ugliness is there; the incidental humour; the discomfort; the passion. In the passion there is nothing glorious, nor romantic, nor poetic; no fine talk of heart and soul, dragged irrelevantly in to arouse an illegitimate sympathy. La Parisienne is simply the coquette without a lure beyond that of her sex—a lying, betraying, faithless, uncomfortable woman. She enjoys herself; invariably gets her own way; and does her best for everyone. She is not drawn for sympathy: she is drawn to be observed. It is a delight to observe her with Henry Becque—a delight purely of the head. She is not, as she would be if bowdlerised for the British stage, an aphrodisiac: rather she is an antidote. No one would wish actually to be to the observer what her lover is in this play. One would even prefer to be her husband.

La Parisienne has two lovers as well as a husband. It is a pretty picture. Husband and first lover are the dearest comrades. Indeed, as La Parisienne observes in perfect sincerity, she and this lover of hers are her husband's only two faithful friends in the world. This is not an ironic epigram of Henry Becque put into the mouth of his creature. It is the plain truth of the situation—truth faithfully observed, without any elaborate or conscious cynicism on the author's part.

La Parisienne uses her second lover to get her husband a political post. Again quite sincerely the husband, talking of this very method of acquiring posts from French political authorities, says that, should he ever reach eminence in such a way, though he would rejoice for himself, he would mourn for France. La Parisienne takes care to ensure that his mourning, when the time for mourning comes, shall be entirely disinterested. Throughout this episode, as through the others, the humour is all of the characters and what they are: never a mere epigram of the author delivered by one of his people. The humour is dry; cruel, only as the actual ironies of life are cruel; flowing naturally from a situation, every phrase of which has the naïveté air of reality. Except that the husband gets his post, and that the second lover gets tired and goes away, there is no plot to the play. It is exposition merely—a piece of life observed and presented without artifice or garnishing of the theatre. I might dwell at some length on the excellences of the play from the point of view of a critic writing in Paris—on the characteristics, that is, which distinguish it from other good modern French work; but I prefer to insist to the end on the quality which is most valuable and striking from the particular English point of view. There is all through a refusal to play suggestively with sex discreetly veiling the reality. If you laugh at "La Parisienne" you must laugh with Molière, and every clear-seeing observer who pierces through to the inner comedy of things. You are not permitted the smoking-room chuckle, loose, cowardly, furtive. You may not turn the face aside from the qualities in misdoing which offend. You are not permitted to think romantically of loose living as a thing of champagne and oysters, all gallantry and fine devilment. The message of Henry Becque to the British playgoer is a simple negation of the West End stage-notion of a play from the French. Briefly his message is that vice is prosaic and uncomfortable, which is precisely the hedonist's idea of virtue.

We bid farewell this evening to the Irish Players who are finishing their season at the Court Theatre. My last view of them was on Wednesday in a two-act play by Mr. T. C. Murray. "Birthright" is the tragic tale of two brothers, a tale as near the earth as the tale of Esau, or of Cain. It is, I think, the best of the new plays produced by the company this season for the first time in London. I was glad to take my farewell impression from this play, and from the players as they presented it. I have spoken before of Mr. Sinclair and Miss O'Neill; but on Wednesday evening the praise was not for them. Mr. Kerrigan, Mr. O'Rourke, Mr. Morgan, Miss Eileen Doherty, and Mr. O'Donovan were the players that presented "Birthright"; and the play was perfectly given. The elder brother is finely-tempered; a scholar, captain of Hurlers, and hero of the countryside. The younger is of harder mould; careful of his father's narrow fields; the stay of his father's husbandry. The younger son must go to America; for by birthright the farm goes to the elder. This to the father is a bitter need; for his heart is turned against his firstborn as a redeless maker of verses, a man of no account for the inheritance. Nor is this the whole sum of bitterness between father and son, between brother and brother. There are other strands woven into this terse, closely knit play of two short scenes; but all leads inexorably to the climax where the brothers grapple fiercely, and murder is done. I have not the space to deal justly by this play. It is a wonderfully fine piece of work; and the acting, without hyperbole, was superb. The dignity and severe economy of effect; the tense calm of tone and gesture; the finely individual acting of the players, tempered by their common instinct to give the shifting groups balance and unity; the slow building of emotion to a climax—in brief, all that is characteristic of the Abbey Theatre company at its best went into the presenting of this play. It is an impression I am glad and grateful to keep with me till Mr. Yeats brings his players yet again to London.

"P. J."

NUNEHAM.

BRITANNIA calls her children o'er the seas
whose bosom heaves to speed her argosies.
Eager and glad they heed the summoning
to join in council and to crown their king.
In myriads borne from many a distant strand,
with one accord seeking the mother land,
like homing birds whose fond unerring flight
brooks no delay until their tribes unite,
so these are gathered to the parent nest.
And on a day when June has richly dressed
meadow and grove with every glorious hue
under a canopy of cloudless blue
a merry rout on country holiday
vies with the silvan scene in colours gay,
where Thames moves seaward his majestic tide
and mirrors Nuneham's immemorial pride.
Fairest of days, when genial hearts ally
sharing the spousals of the earth and sky
Whilst laugh and gossip weave their golden chain
and echo wafts the murmur o'er the plain,
the river-god rose from his oozy bed
and lifting high that hoar immortal head
(the nymphs of hill and vale assenting) said:
"happy the trysting-place, happy the hour
of such reunion in my chosen bower!"

H. W. JUST.

THACKERAY.

By H. F. PREVOST BATTERSBY.

TO the apothegm that it is idle to dispute about taste may be added that it is vain to dispute against time. That a writer of romances is still alive, and so much alive, after a hundred years says enough on one side in any debate about him. One need not ask if Thackeray is great. He is here: that is greatness. The small men cannot do it; they do not come through the centuries. The estimate of Time is of even more value than that of genius. Thackeray, as a critic, thought M. de Bernard and M. Reybaud more safely insured for immortality than Balzac or Dumas. But Time has not approved of his selection, a way Time often has with contemporary admirations. Thackeray was welcomed by his own generation, and has been read by two generations since. He has obtained the warrant which is conferred by Centenary Exhibitions, and an oration by the Earl of Midlothian, who does not lend his eloquence to ephemera. His lasting quality is proved, and nothing lasts that has not the real stuff in it. What in Thackeray's case that real stuff was is more open to debate. It must have been both genuine and abundant to withstand the amount of corrupting mortality there undoubtedly was in his artistic composition. In spite of the spell he weaves, and the sense of one's obligations, one is often moved to deny impatiently his claim to art. He was, to give an instance, for a great man so terribly the slave of his time. Greatness may be, indeed nearly always is, intensely intrigued by the shows of life about it. There is something wrong with the temper which is always the praiser of other periods. But greatness ought to command a view sufficiently comprehensive to save it from confounding the fashion of its time with an archetypal immutability. Thackeray most surely had not that command. He was in the worst sense saturated with his modernity. He was in his appreciations and depreciations a small tight concentration of the modes of the moment about him. He claimed an artist's birthright and he made the claim good; yet he always seemed to be selling it for messes of inartistic pottage. One can forgive his surrender to sentimentality; surrender was in the air, and to such a capitulation he was elementarily inclined. As a sentimentalist he would probably have shone in any period; if his own ironic genius could not save him

from bathos, nothing could. But one cannot forgive his continued inability to take any view of art which was not consecrated by his contemporaries. Art for art's sake was not then a cry, but art for art's sake has been a reality since the cave man sketched the mastodon. But to his early Victorian outlook it was anything but that. Balzac he declared "unfit for the salon", Dumas to be about "as genteel as a courier", and Victor Hugo "profoundly immoral and absurd"; the nudity of Etty's Nymph he pronounced "unfit for appearance among respectable people"; the contemplation of Greek art—and he had some of the best to look at—left him "in a state of unpleasant wonderment and perplexity"; he could only see the "shabbiness" of Athens, and an historic reflection on Rhodes left him "thankful that the grocer governs the world now in place of the baron".

Nor were these the early infelicities of his adolescent understanding. Artistically he had no adolescence; he may be said never to have grown up. He never outgrew his natural likings, and his outlook on life was the same at fifty as at thirty; it was the author of "Philip" who had written, less well, indeed, but scarcely less maturely, "A Shabby Genteel Story".

For a man who wrote great books he was curiously interested in inessentials. He measured the world as he measured the centuries, by their divergence from the standards of his own time. He had, in one particular, the historic gift elaborately developed. He could live and make his puppets live in the trappings of a past time, and that by means the most legitimate; but he was unable to view any period as it appeared to its occupants. So though he could see acutely, his eye was constantly encumbered with relative adjustments. It was with an intrinsically British provincial imagination that he measured Paris, though he knew it so well; and it was only by their divergence from the genteel sentimentality of the early nineteenth century that he was able so imperfectly to value the humourists of the eighteenth. He once described himself by implication as a "mutinous Cockney", and the description occasionally fits him to perfection, for one of the illuminative qualities of the Cockney is the esteem in which he holds his own limitations, and what was it but an irritable sense of them which became responsible for "The Book of Snobs"? Thackeray's intellectual nostril could detect a snob anywhere, but it is difficult to imagine such a fierce gift for detection in the possession of anyone who was not something of a snob himself. Disraeli has given us that view of him in *S. Barbe*, though it is overpowered by darker colours. Nor did Thackeray by his actions so much reveal the defect—though he valued the appreciation of the great at something above its value—as by the obsession that snobishness was everywhere about him. He had that virulent sense of it that those have for the taint of Eastern blood who are themselves infected. His "Book of Snobs" not only made him famous, but it tied him for life to the snob idea, from which he could only find escape when dealing with a century to which the word was unknown.

But before fame came to him he had done work which deserved it in "The Luck of Barry Lyndon", work at first so entirely unappreciated that it did not appear as a book in England during his lifetime. In its failure there lay both revelation and significance. It was when Thackeray was most typical of his generation that he was most applauded. As its sentimental moralist or the vindictive humourist he was understood of his times; as a master of irony he could be neglected.

Such a combination of humour, satire and sentiment was puzzling; if it had not been indissoluble, Thackeray's achievements might have been more considerable. In "Barry Lyndon" the satirist manages to elude for the greater part of the story the company of the preacher and the clown. The entire book is conceived and carried out in the same vein, a rare thing with the author; the humour of it, which was likewise the humour of his temperament keeps throughout a sardonic clarity, and its ironic interpretations can still challenge comparison with any work of its kind.

But Thackeray's time, which could flatter the sentimental presentment of a rogue, could not understand the ironic appreciation of one, and the author, with his own insistence on heart and helpfulness as the criteria of art, could scarcely have censured it. Though he desired most of all to figure as a social reformer, it was for his rogues that he kept the warmest corner of his heart, and it was on a rogue that he laid the abiding foundations of his popularity in his next essay in portraiture—"Vanity Fair". Of all his books it is perhaps the one most compact of his defects and qualities. It is shapeless and inconsequent; never has the author firm control of its being, and the progress it achieves is in spite of his continual interference, "as a man and a brother", with a passion for sermonising. He is dragged at the heels of his characters, explaining, applauding, apologising, enjoying himself immensely. It is the queerest kind of a triumph, but a triumph it is.

It is a satire touched with varying shades of caricature, the very type to suffer most from paternal interferences. The style, admirably simple as it is, becomes sometimes intolerably diffuse; and the book wanders on after the story is ended. Yet by the sheer vitality of its portraiture the book lives; a vitality, which, in the leading characters, burns, without interference from the moralist, with steady consistence from their entrance, their admirably contrived entrance, to their end.

Becky especially is noticeable as being made all of one piece. Her pitiless selfishness sails secure through all her phases; no circumstance alters, no bedaubed sentiment attempts to palliate. And Rawdon Crawley is as perfectly the gentlemanly dandy as she the essential minx. "Vanity Fair" is full of faults but it is fuller of people. One remembers them, as Thackeray used to remember them, not as people we have read about, but as a community in which we have lived. That was the marvel at which he himself wondered; he was unconscious of creating them, but he was convinced that they were there. "I believe perfectly in all those people", he affirmed, and that faith, continuously multiplied, has secured his fame.

Had he left his genius undistracted there would have been no lapses from his greatness, but his clever little facility for caricature, or his ferment of sentiment, was ever urging him to take a hand himself. Often the two are in conscious opposition, the moralist apologising for the other's interest in people of whom he should be ashamed, and frequently his interposition, as in "Pendennis", injures irreparably the sense of character. "What a shame", he exclaimed when re-reading the story, "the author don't write a complete good book!" But completeness is scarcely attainable by such collaboration.

Perhaps he came in "Esmond" nearest to that completeness. In no other book does he do so exactly what he tries to do, or keep himself and his characters so well in hand. He had escaped from himself in escaping from his century, and he lost his own constructive looseness in the trammels of a more polished style, and to our increased debt for some inimitable portraits he adds a new gift of writing and some unforgettable scenes.

And if in "The Newcomes" he seems to some of us to have passed his zenith, a small world of indestructible existences remains to make reasonable their enshrinement in the admirable edition which Messrs. Macmillan are issuing, with illustrations by Mr. Harry Furniss,* which many may be pleased to possess even though a fondness for other methods may have made them disinclined to repeat the pleasure of reading him. "A big mass of a soul, but not strong in proportion", was Carlyle's summary; and it is the magnitude of the mass, of which all must be conscious, that has carried him through the century.

* "The Works of Thackeray." In 20 vols. London: Macmillan. 1911. 10s. 6d. net per volume.

STUPIDITY STREET.

I SAW with open eyes
Singing-birds sweet
Sold in the shops for
The people to eat,
Sold in the shops of
Stupidity Street.

I saw in vision
The worm in the wheat,
And in the shops nothing
For people to eat,
Nothing for sale in
Stupidity Street.

RALPH HODGSON.

SPITHEAD.

BY GEORGE A. B. DEWAR.

JOHNSON thought to confound Berkeley by striking some piece of furniture, a table or chair, and proving through the sound that matter *does* exist, whilst Byron equally shallow punned that when Berkeley said there was no matter it didn't matter. But not the shallowest man has ever tried to make light of Landor's saying—"It was a dream—Ah! what is not a dream?" Is anything clearer in a world of unreality than the dream-like nature of most things which we are surrounded by? What we have counted the most real or material things in life one by one drop into dreams. Landor was uttering no paradox; he was merely putting into one of those haunting lines in which he excelled a profound truth. Time long gone by is obviously a dream. Childhood too obviously is a dream when we look back on it—an impossible dream. The dead who have been dead five or six years are the most undoubted dreams of all, though there was a time when we mistook them for the most convincing real, material things about us. The more of a reality to-day the more of a phantasm to-morrow is the usual experience in life. But it does not seem to apply very well to the great show at Spithead for the reason that actually during the review the whole thing was entirely suggestive of a dream. It was no use authorities with note books and compilers of naval annuals and the like trying to impress one with the monstrous materialism and reality of the show, bringing great rows of figures to prove that the solid value in gold of these vessels ranged in lines which had no beginning and no end amounted to eighty-five million pounds or a hundred million pounds without the foreign ships and without maintenance. One heard just the same kind of thing in 1897, and how unreal such arithmetic must be is simply proved by looking at the official list for 1897. The millions are dotted down on that paper too and the ships; but these very figures and names of fourteen years ago well illustrate the hollowness of the superstition about reality and fact and matter, for the names are largely names of vessels that do not exist. One remembered by chance the name of a solitary vessel in the far-off vision of fourteen years ago, the "Terrible", and asked whether she was at Spithead to-day; one seemed to recall her as the most wonderful-looking ship, immense in length, conveying the idea beyond all the others of speed and ruthless strength. But the authority laughed at such fancies, and told us that to-day antique cruisers of that kind would be quite useless, offering nothing but a target for the enemies' guns.

The list of ships in '97 is just a curiosity to-day. As for the list of '87 it is as much to the point for war purposes as Homer's would be. So even the people who insist on matter, and believe we only dream at night when asleep, banish the fleets of a few years ago from the world of reality. Even they, without knowing it, are with Landor.

But at Spithead to-day one need not after all go back

to '97 or '87 to find a spectral fleet anchored in a spectral sea. It was there on 24 June 1911. At a great military review or a march past the dream-like nature of the thing is masked. The glitter and constant movement and sound of troops and horses give an impression of reality. At the sea review it is wholly different. Some people were complaining at Spithead of the immobility of it all. They would have liked the ships to caper about, or perhaps go through some sort of gridiron exercise. The two rounds of salutes—twenty-one from each ship according to somebody who knew by counting or other means—did not satisfy their wish for sound and action; which was scarcely to be wondered at considering how small was the volume of smoke and tongue of flame from each gun and how soon the thunder ceased to reverberate. But the strange thing is that they should wish for action and sound and the stir of life at all on such an occasion. In the stillness and setness of the scene was its glory and charm for the eye and imagination.

When the King's yacht and its attendants glided down the line, the people who longed for sound and action began to take heart; they thought now at least they would have life and emotion. The pageant would turn into something like a live, glowing, exciting pageant. What happens is the exact reverse. The pageant grows more dreamlike, mysterious, insubstantial than ever. The line of reviewing yachts glide up and down the lines of phantom ships of battles that may never be with a smoothness and regularity that oddly recall the progress by mimic water which one has sometimes seen on the stage; and the figures ranged on the decks, as one sees the thing in birdseye, look like mimes. But the resemblance to some stage effect ends at this. At the theatre things are distinctly realistic on the whole. There is no dreaming in the dramatic business. If we want to feel the solid earth beneath us, and get away from the dangerous philosophies of Berkeley or of Landor, we can go to one of Mr. Shaw's plays or to a dancing one at the Gaiety.

The setting was finely true to the scene, as it has been true to every great ship scene one can remember since the review of 1887 at Spithead—a phantasmagory of ships along a coast and on a strip of sea full always of phantom effects. In the Solent—the British Ocean one of Blaeu's fine old picture maps names it—there are no doubt days when we get great baths of sea glow and colour. I have now and then seen seas approaching the blues of sapphire and of lapis lazuli, and seas of gem-clear, gem-hard emerald too, off Hengistbury and from the cliff at Alum, which appear almost as sensuous and material as colour can be. I have not seen it laid on with a much bigger brush even in mid June off the stack rocks at Trevalga, save that there one gloated on the miles and miles of it spread clean away even to Lundy Island; I could not see that it was very much deeper and richer in the Tyrrhenian in April off the wonderful gleaming coast by Solunto. One finds about the Solent, too, those very hard ruled horizon lines, sharp as crystal edges, that are characteristic of those immensely thick, solid-looking enamel or paint-blue waters of the South. But that is a little more towards the open sea and channel, off Milford, say, or off Hengistbury Head. Within the Solent itself and about Spithead, the tendency is for everything to be toned down and chastely refined; and the result is commonly a scene of ethereal, attenuated land and waterscapes; low, pale coasts that at a few miles distance appear lifted clean into the air; straight, narrow strips of film above a filmy sea; and, faintly seen beyond and over these, dove-tinted objects that might be clouds or might be hills. There is not a day through the Solent's year perhaps which does not present some such elfin scenes as these; and when a great ship host is steaming or riding at anchor there it is vassalled by this magic maze and brought into the scheme of insubstantial things. It suffers—

"A sea change
Into something rich and strange."

So night descends on the phantom fleet in its faery

setting; and we return to grasp at the familiar everyday dreams we call hard fact. But though we may talk of symbols and so forth, of the battleship as the symbol of might in an empire, the meaning and result of such a great sea spectacle are really obscure. All we can feel for sure is that there is not here the simple, concrete fact that figures and scales would have us suppose. The world of dead matter is after all as mysterious and inaccessible to our understanding as the world of spirit. Shelley, far wiser than Johnson or Byron, fully recognised the elusiveness of all around him, finding in "life and all the rest a mockery": yet Shelley, far more foolish than they, thought he could fathom the mysteries by escaping out of the twilight into the dark. He had the extraordinary delusion when his friend plucked him out of the bottom of the river, where he lay like a conger eel, that in another moment he would have solved the riddle!

FIELD OF GOLD.

By JOHN VAUGHAN, CANON OF WINCHESTER.

WHEN, in "Love's Labour Lost", Shakespeare sings—

"When daisies pied and violets blue,
And lady-smocks all silver white,
And cuckoo-buds of yellow hue
Do paint the meadows with delight",

there can be little doubt that by "cuckoo-buds of yellow hue" the poet is referring to the plants we now call buttercups. It is strange that the word "buttercup" does not occur in any of the plays of Shakespeare who mentions so many of the familiar names of English wild flowers, but it may be that the word was not in common use in his day. For it is not found, I notice, in William Turner's "Names of Herbes" published in 1548, nor in Gerard's Herbal, nor in Culpepper, nor even, I think, in Izaak Walton's "Compleat Angler". It is just possible that the honest fisherman is referring to buttercups under the obscure name of "culverkeys" when in the quiet pasture scene, he sees, sitting under a willow-tree by the water-side, and looking down the meadows, "here a boy gathering lilies and lady-smocks, and there a girl cropping culverkeys and cowslips, all to make garlands suitable to the pleasant month of May". For old Nicholas Culpepper tells us, in his Herbal published within a few months of the "Compleat Angler", that the *ranunculus* has names "almost enough to make up a Welshman's pedigree, if he fetch no farther than John of Gaunt, or William the Conqueror". Among them he enumerates "frog's-foot, crowfoot, gold knobs, gold cups, king's knob, Baffiners, troilflowers, polts, locket goulions, and butterfloures". Still John Ray in his "Catalogue of Cambridge plants", the first local Flora ever published in England, which appeared a few years later, calls *ranunculus repens* "the common creeping crow-foot or butter-cups".

But whatever the spring song of Shakespeare meant by "cuckoo-buds of yellow hue", we shall all agree that the buttercups in June, just before the beginning of hay-harvest, do "paint the meadows with delight". They are now in their glory. From the railway carriage window, on the line between Woodbridge and Halesworth I noticed long vistas of level meadow-land, running like a golden creek along the course of some sluggish stream, resplendent with yellow buttercups. Nearer the sea, on the wide flat marshy pastures that border the river Bligh between Wenhamston and Walberswick, they were specially beautiful. At a little distance the appearance was that of a veritable field of cloth of gold. On a closer acquaintance other flowers were seen mingling with the prevailing buttercups. What Ruskin calls "Shakespeare's peculiar joy"—the infinite sweetness of the meadows—was here felt in its full perfection. In places red spikes of *rumex* and the rosy flowers of the

ragged robin blended with the yellow *ranunculus*. The sweet music of the skylark was heard from every quarter. Several stately herons were standing motionless in the shallow tide. A redshank rose from beside a tall tussock of grass uttering its wild cry. Peewits tumbled about in the air above the flowering plain which glistened in the sunlight.

Most of the buttercups in the marshy meadows along the course of the river Bligh belonged to the species *Ranunculus acris* or the meadow crowfoot, though large numbers of the bulbous buttercup (*R. bulbosus*), known at once by its reflexed sepals, were present. The buttercup family is a large one, and to enumerate all the species would, as Nicholas Culpepper says, "tire the patience of Socrates himself". And since, with Nicholas Culpepper, we have "not attained to the spirit of Socrates", it will be better only to mention one or two of the more conspicuous. And it must not be forgotten that the tribe embraces several members of which the most aristocratic family need not be ashamed. Two of them indeed are of so choice a nature as only to be found in one locality respectively in the British Isles. On the other hand, another member, the celery-leaved crowfoot, is perhaps the most widely distributed species on the face of the earth. It is found as abundantly in America, and on the banks of the Ganges, as it is in our own marshes here at home. Another member of the family, the tall and stately spearwort (*R. lingua*, L.), with lanceolate bright green leaves, and large handsome flowers of a deep yellow colour, two inches in diameter, is one of our choicest species, but local and rare. The lovely little celandine, which stars our banks in early spring, was the special favourite of the poet Wordsworth. More than one of his lyrical poems is addressed to this humble plant. "There's a flower", he sings,

"that shall be mine,
'Tis the little celandine."

Almost all the members of the crowfoot family are of a "furious biting nature", but the buttercup of our meadows bears the specific name *acris* from its exceptionally acrid qualities. The leaves and root of the plant, "stamped" and made into an ointment, will, if applied to the body, quickly raise a blister, and among the old herbalists was often used as a substitute for cantharides. Indeed, it is a wonder, says Sir John Hill, knight of the Polar star, that "it is not more used for this purpose, but we are at present so fond of foreign medicines that these things are not minded". Still, it was sometimes employed with marvellous results. "Many", says Gerard, in the sixteenth century, "do use to tie a little of the herbe stamped with salt unto any of the fingers, against the pain of the teeth, which medicine seldome faileth; for it causeth greater paine in the finger than was in the tooth, by the meanes whereof the greater paine taketh away the lesser". We also learn that "cunning beggars do use to stamp the leaves and lay it unto their legs and arms, which causeth such filthy ulcers as we dayly see (among such wicked vagabonds) to move the people the more to pittie".

It is curious that the popular name of "buttercup" was given to the plant under a mistake. It was commonly supposed, and the belief is still a general one, that the richer colour of butter, often noticed during their season of bloom, was due to the cattle feeding upon the yellow flowers. But, as Linnaeus pointed out long ago, neither cows nor horses will feed upon the meadow crowfoot, and even pigs refuse it. When, however, the plant is cut and made into hay, the noxious qualities disappear.

In spite, however, of its hurtful and injurious nature, this "fiery and hot-spirited herb of Mars" is deeply ingrained in the affections of the English people. The beauty of our meadows is at its height when, in the words of an old ballad, "the crowfoot gilds the flowerie grasse".

CORRESPONDENCE.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY AND THE
CORONATION.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

15 Grosvenor Road, Westminster S.W.

22 June 1911.

SIR,—In last week's issue of the SATURDAY REVIEW I ventured to offer a protest mainly on æsthetic and archaeological grounds against Westminster Abbey being made the scene of Coronations, but there is an aspect of the situation that has aroused feelings of pain amongst the members of all denominations. The House of God has been turned into a carpenter's shop, its hallowed aisles have been made to reverberate with the sound of the saw and hammer and the tramp of "rude mechanicals". The graves of the Illustrious Dead, the Captains and the Kings, and men that kept the world in awe and who burnt themselves out like torches to light the way to England's greatness, have been littered with refuse, and heavy baulks of timber laid across them to support the weight of a multitude of persons, the majority of whom were assembled to gratify their curiosity and satisfy an appetite for spectacle.

It is written, "My House shall be called the House of Prayer, but ye have made it . . ." A theatre! I do not of course include in my indictment the great officers of State, the honoured representatives of our Dominions and others who have a prescriptive right to be present at the ceremony, but there were hundreds of "guests" on the Earl Marshal's list who had no *locus standi* whatever, and who might with more propriety have been given free accommodation elsewhere.

Nor is this all. The "Authorities", whoever such authorities may be, have to their shame announced their intention of suspending Divine Service for over two months and throwing open the Abbey to sightseers at so much a head in order that these may gloat their eyes upon the trappings of Royalty as evidenced by the combined arts of the decorator and upholsterer! It is no palliation of the scandal—for such it undoubtedly is—to say that the takings will be devoted to the Church Restoration Fund, and that the practice was adopted on similar occasions during the reigns of Queen Victoria and King Edward VII. In days of old the Church certainly resorted to some questionable methods for raising funds, but it would have shrunk from adopting such an irreligious expedient as that proposed by the guardians of Westminster Abbey. Further, the aforesaid Authorities, in their frantic and unseemly desire to make money, and regardless of the vandalism, have erected against the building a coronation stand, thus utilising the consecrated precincts of a sacred edifice—and such an edifice too—as an amphitheatre for purposes of gain. Westminster Abbey is a national possession, and its maintenance and upkeep as such should form a charge on the Public Exchequer—or better still, be dependent upon the voluntary subscriptions of the people—than whom there can be no more conscientious or generous trustees.

I humbly appeal to his Majesty the King, as Head of the Church; I appeal to the clergy and laity of all denominations—for sectarian differences should be laid aside in such a cause—to save their Abbey from the profanation of being turned into a money-making concern, and by those who should have regarded its honourable usage as their first care.

If it should be his Majesty's will to command the abandonment of the proposed arrangements, and it is found that the Restoration Fund has suffered corresponding loss, then let the thousands, nay millions, who came to pay homage to their King, take over the obligation by uniting in a thanksoffering to the Almighty for the blessings vouchsafed us as a nation, and for having given to us as ruler the man on whose brow there has just been placed the supreme emblem of earthly power.

In all probability by the time these lines appear in print the authorities will have carried out their project; in which case I can only leave it to my countrymen to reconcile, if they can, this practical exposition of the casuistry

that the end justify the means, with their traditions as a religious-minded people.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,
HERMANN ERSKINE.

THE CHURCH AND THE EMPIRE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

26 June 1911.

SIR,—In your article on "The Church and the Empire", in your last issue, you remark that "The Anglican Church is still very much a force". You also rightly ask the question "How has this same Church . . . projected itself into the life of the growing communities beyond the seas?" and you speak of the secondary position which it holds in so many parts of the British Empire. The reason for this is quite simple. The Church was never planted in its fulness in any part of the British Empire in days gone by. A few priests may have been sent to minister to the scattered settlers, but bishops were never sent. A writer in a Nova Scotia paper in November last said: "The policy of the Church at Home was most detrimental to the interests of the Church in the Colonies. From 1608 till 1783, a period of 175 years, the Church in what was afterwards known as the United States was absolutely refused a Bishop. The Church in what is now known as Canada, after the establishment of regular services at Annapolis Royal in 1710, remained seventy-seven years before a Bishop was given to the overseas Dominion. In South Africa . . . nearly half a century elapsed. . . . In Australia forty-eight years were allowed to elapse before a Bishop was given to that country. Similar stories might be told of the planting of the Church in other lands." On this, the leading article in the same issue remarked: "If the primitive Church had waited to consecrate Bishops, missionary or otherwise, till a salary of at least two or three thousand dollars a year was assured, we should in all probability have been heathen to-day."

Both at home and abroad the words of the Bishop of Birmingham are true: "The position of the Episcopate in the Church of England is simply ludicrously inadequate."

One can thank God that on all sides the question is being faced. In the United States, in Canada both East and West, in Australia, and in South Africa, movements for the formation of new dioceses are on foot. In England the growth of the movement in the last eight years has been enormous. The main difficulty is that it is hard to convince the average Churchman that it is his business, that he ought to study it and to support it, and, as the Bishop of Thetford said in a recent Charge, "It is simply scandalous and cowardly to leave the whole work of the Church to the officers and the women."

I will gladly send papers on the question, free of charge, to any who may wish for them.

I am, Sir, yours faithfully,
EDWARD HARDING FIRTH,

Org. Sec. of the Additional Bishops Committee.

CORONATION HONOURS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Belston, N. Devon, 26 June 1911.

SIR,—A note in the "SATURDAY" of 24 June calls for comment, which I trust you will not reject, as, in reading your remarks on the Viscounty conferred upon Lord Elibank, one would conclude that the father who "gat so good a son" was himself of the young "Master's" politics. Such, I have reason to think, is not the case; nor, happily, is the old Baron, if new Viscount, anything but a right representative of his historic house—in other words he, at all events, is not one of the "new Radical peers", however much his son's (and heir's) exploits might tender the notion, whose boots the journal you quote is so proud to black.

Yours truly,
M. B.

THE IRISH PLAYERS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Cardiff.

SIR,—Will you allow me, as one of the founders and trainers of what has come to be known as the Abbey Theatre company, to clear away one or two wrong notions that people, outside Dublin, have concerning them?

In London they are sometimes written about as though they were the Irish Literary Theatre. They have never had anything to do with the Irish Literary Theatre, which came to an end in 1901. The plays by Irish writers produced by the Irish Literary Theatre were acted by English professional actors. That was what gave rise to the company now playing at the Court Theatre. My brother (W. G. Fay) and myself thought that Irish plays should be acted by Irish actors. We had read how Ole Bull had started the Norwegian National Theatre with a company of eight or nine amateurs who had answered his advertisement; we knew of the fine work done by the amateur, Antoine, and his comrades of the Théâtre Libre; and we remembered that the Théâtre Illustre was, at the outset, merely a collection of amateurs. So we resolved to try to do in Ireland what had been done elsewhere, and we formed and trained an amateur company, feeling sure that the plays would come if a company existed to act them. The plays came readily enough, the first to entrust his work to us being the poet-painter Æ, who gave us his "Deirdre". We did not think we could do without a stage manager, or as he is now called "producer". That position was filled by my brother, who possessed the necessary expert knowledge, gained by seven years' varied experience on the professional stage. He laid down the principles that governed the acting up to the time he and I left the Abbey Theatre, three years ago. He was always very much against anything that would distract the attention of the audience when "some necessary question of the play" was "then to be considered". I am sure he would not have allowed the "business" objected to by your correspondent, nor, knowing the late Mr. Synge's ideas about the acting of his plays, do I think he would have countenanced it. Mr. Synge was present at most of the rehearsals of "The Playboy". The company had, in our time, no say in the stage management. They needed a lot of teaching up to the time we left the Abbey Theatre, and they need it still more now. I have had them all through my hands, except one or two newcomers, and know well what their abilities and defects are. I saw some of their work recently and I should hesitate to use the word "superb" in connexion with it. A company without a stage manager is like an orchestra without a conductor, and the Abbey Theatre company requires very special handling.

Yours faithfully,

F. J. FAY.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

57 Constantine Road, Hampstead N.W.,

27 June.

SIR,—In dealing with my previous letter "P. J." says "There can be no serious criticism of acting till there is an art of acting". That was precisely my point, that when serious actors did come to London "P. J." treated them as he would treat the ordinary West End actor—by "personal preference". Secondly, "P. J." very cleverly turns my word "destructive" to dialectical uses. Destructive of what? Destructive of his own previous statement, not of any theory of acting. "No player's ever in the picture who has no business to be there..." "Mr. Sinclair's fascinations are even perilous... drawing one's attention from players who are doing things more pertinent to the scheme of the play." But, leaving the obvious, not "apparent" destructiveness, I would look at the theory of acting

"P. J." has "destroyed". It is that this actor is a big drum, that a sarrusophone, a third another instrument, nothing more. Who holds that theory? Not Mr. Iden Payne, whom "P. J." quotes, who, on the contrary, believes in freedom, and himself tells the story of the Russian Company round the table. Certainly not I. "A player of genius cannot be rid of his personality." Lord save us—two and two make four. We all know about these things. The artistic personality is the actor. Every actor worth his salt puts something of his own into a part; he is a creative artist; and Mr. Sinclair is a genius; and what does it all come to save that "P. J." thinks I think Mr. Sinclair a mere music-hall funny man whereas I really think his creative genius became changed into additive talent, and required the restraining outside eye of the critical producer? Mr. Payne represses the latter and encourages the former sort of freedom.

Thirdly, "The Playboy has been turned a likely gaffer in the end of all. . . . This is as much the climax of the play as is the grief of Pegeen, and Mr. Sinclair's refusal to give up the stage at this moment is again justified". Ah, there we're coming to it. This is the real criticism; this is the real defence of Mr. Sinclair; it is hardly convincing, however, even so, for it implies collaboration between Mr. Sinclair and Synge in the actual writing of the play.

Fourthly, "P. J." gives up the above argument and says he lost nothing of Pegeen's sorrow for all that Mr. Sinclair could do. I cannot follow him here (to say nothing of his effort to have it both ways). There is a laughter on the stage not destructive of but emphatic of pathos. But Mr. Sinclair made Synge at this moment to be richly comic, and no man in an audience can contain in his bosom at once the comic rollick and the tragic thrill. And no sound dramatist ever gave an audience the choice. But, indeed, as Mr. Sinclair played it, there was no choice.

Yours faithfully,

LEONARD INKSTER.

ANTI-VIVISECTION SHOPS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

The Animal Defence and Anti-Vivisection Society, 170 Piccadilly W.,

26 June 1911.

SIR,—My society is responsible for one of the two anti-vivisection shops to which Mr. Stephen Paget has drawn attention in your columns. He calls such shops "a very evil and shameful thing". I quite agree that the vivisectional apparatus and the pictures of vivisectional operations, reproduced from physiological textbooks and journals, which are on view, are "very evil and shameful" things, but the remedy does not lie with the anti-vivisectionists. It is our painful duty to bring such pictures and the facts brought out in evidence before the present Royal Commission on Vivisection to the notice of the public, and we intend to continue this work of enlightenment until the cruelties of which we complain are abolished. Personally, I welcome criticism of our methods and publications. If Mr. Paget will visit our shop in Piccadilly I shall be pleased to show him everything, and if he can find that the leaflet which we distribute broadcast, and which contains the admissions of inspectors and vivisectioners with regard to the infliction of pain under the present Act, is inaccurate, I am willing to pay £100 to any charity he may select which is not connected with vivisection.

Yours faithfully,

L. LIND-AF-HAGEBY,
Hon. General Secretary.

REVIEWS.

PATTER CHATTER.

"The Autobiography of Alfred Austin, Poet Laureate, 1835-1910." 2 vols. London: Macmillan. 1911. 24s. net.

MR. ALFRED AUSTIN'S father, grandfather, and great-grandfather were woolstaplers. One may not know exactly what a woolstapler is or was, and perhaps one does not care; but, from the point of view of literature, the fact is of much greater moment than might be imagined. First, as to woolstaplers in general. For reasons which will soon be apparent, Mr. Alfred Austin in his "Autobiography" prints a page-long quotation from an encyclopædia which gives a full exposition of the origin and ancient practice of woolstapling. A valuable bonus to Mr. Alfred Austin's readers is this extract, for it informs them in detail upon a topic of wide interest, and the "Autobiography", though costing twenty-four shillings net, is, of course, cheaper than an encyclopædia. The Poet Laureate reminds us that woolstapling was an honourable trade, a branch of commerce of exceptional interest and importance, that "woolstaplers often lived in moated houses of striking architectural beauty", and that, according to Green the historian, "the wool trade especially held a place of distinction in the common esteem. They who followed it lived like gentlemen and rejoiced in a superior station". All this is highly creditable to Mr. Alfred Austin and his forebears, and it is clear that the Poet Laureate comes of honest middle-class commercial stock. Any doubt that one may have had upon this point is now definitely removed. But this is not quite what the Poet Laureate wishes to demonstrate. Other people have had relatives in the wool trade, and the world has not needed to know it. Now listen to Mr. Austin. "In moments of playful fancy, I have diverted myself by remembering that Shakespeare's father is described by earlier biographers as a woolstapler, according to the different meaning of the term in those days, and that the guild to which the great Florentine poet belonged was the guild of the woolcombers. Such mental ancestry may inoffensively be recalled, since none can hope to approach the supreme greatness of those poetic Dioscuri."

"Mental ancestry"! "Poetic Dioscuri"! Mr. Austin does not claim equality with Shakespeare and Dante. His modesty does not permit him; but he points out a coincidence, which, as the modern Frenchman would say, "prête bigrement à rêver". Shakespeare, Dante, Austin, all in close touch with the wool trade! How obvious it is, this elective affinity which associates poetical genius with the stapling, the combing, and the gathering of wool. Clearly, that which makes a poet is, to quote the fine lines of Mr. Alfred Austin himself (the last of which in particular is a gem),

" . . . that with which our breath we bring
Into the world we know not whence,
That needs nor care nor fostering
Because an instinct and a sense."

The Poet Laureate's ancestors included a "mineral agent", who "was that extraordinary thing a Roman Catholic Puritan", and an eminent civil engineer, who became the proprietor of a Rotten Borough. His mother was not "intellectually clever" but "supremely intelligent"; and a proof of her artistic tendency is that she once purchased a copy of Raphael's Madonna Della Seggiola for £15, which diverted the youthful Alfred Austin's attention from his morning prayers.

Yet another coincidence, which demonstrates how strangely on all fours are the lives of the deathless singers, is mentioned by Mr. Alfred Austin, and well merits quotation. "On the 1st of January 1896 I was appointed", he tells us, "to the high honour of the Laureateship. It would be most unbecoming in me to make any comment on this occurrence. . . . But at the

time, I reflected, with amusement, on what Petrarch wrote to Boccaccio on his coronation in the Roman capital. Petrarch says: "The Laurel brought me no increase of learning, or literary power, as you may well imagine, while it destroyed my peace of mind by the infinite jealousy it aroused; for, from that time, well-nigh everyone sharpened his tongue against me. It was necessary to be constantly on the alert, with banner flying, ready to repel an attack, now on the left, now on the right. In a word, the Laurel made me known only to be tormented. Without it I should have led the best of lives, as many deem a life of obscurity and peace." Petrarch and Austin! The same jealousy roused in the same way, and among the same sort of ignorant critics! Plus ça change, plus c'est la même chose!

We must confess that this is the part of Mr. Alfred Austin's autobiography which has interested us the most. He seeks perhaps a little too impressively to make us believe that he did well to quit politics for poetry. His political opinions are respectable, and are often expressed in trenchant and convincing language. "Believing as I do", he wrote, when refusing to contest a constituency in the Conservative interest, "that until foreign and Imperial policy, the Army and the Navy are committed to safer keeping than that of the 650 representatives of the people, putting cross questions, and fifteen Cabinet Ministers returning crooked answers, there is no help for it but to go on jolting from blunder to blunder, and descending from abasement to abasement, I will do what little I can outside of the House of Commons, to discredit its authority and curtail its functions. To ask a man to enter it, in order to serve his country, is to ask him to waste his life, and break his heart over an impossible undertaking". But surely to abandon the sinking ship is not the best way to save it from the rocks.

Here are a few blemishes in Mr. Austin's autobiography which it is perhaps worth while to point out, if merely for correction in a second edition. He confuses Malesherbes with Malherbe, which in a Poet Laureate is curious. Poor Malesherbes defended Louis the Sixteenth at the risk and cost of his own life, as we all know, but that heroic old Buzfuz was quite incapable of writing those exquisite lines, "Et rose, elle a vécu ce que vivent les roses, L'espace d'un matin". Buffon never wrote "le style c'est l'homme", but in his reception speech to the French Academy he did say something very like it. The restaurant at Versailles to which the Poet Laureate refers on page 40 of his second volume is not "Châtels" but Vatel's. The Marquise de Boissy seems to have been a bright woman to judge from her correspondence, but if her spelling really was on the level of that of a French bonne, which we do not for one moment believe, it would have been seemly on the part of the Poet Laureate to correct it before committing it to the printer.

There is one curious revelation in this autobiography which must not be passed over. Mr. Austin leaves us with a clear conviction that he owed his appointment to the Laureateship, not of course to his poetical abilities, for, in point of fact, he has never written a real line of poetry in his life, but to the services which he rendered to the Conservative party as a leader writer on the "Standard". What is a little startling, however, is that the choice apparently lay between two journalists. The interests of poetry or of literature seem to have had no weight at all with the authorities of that day. There were poets, and one supreme poet, who had clear claims to the distinction. But they were entirely ignored. The only other candidate in the running was Sir Edwin Arnold—another leader writer! The "Standard" versus the "Daily Telegraph"! And that this was so is shown in a letter of congratulation to his more lucky confrère the author of "Leszko the Bastard: a Tale of Polish Grief", from the author of "The Light of Asia". "I myself", writes Sir Edwin, "expected the appointment." "I would rather", adds Mr. Alfred Austin, "be the man who could send such a telegram in such circumstances, than

be incapable of sending it, having written the greatest of poems."

A traveller in many lands, a war correspondent, a diligent interviewer, Mr. Austin gossips about men and things in a way which is occasionally interesting, but not very entertaining on the whole. He tells us little that is new. In fact, the two portly volumes of his "Autobiography" might have borne, not inaptly, as their motto, a line from one of his own verses, which he quotes,

"Patter, chatter everywhere!"

R. L. S.

"The Letters of Robert Louis Stevenson." Edited by Sidney Colvin. New Edition, re-arranged in 4 vols., with 150 New Letters. London: Methuen. 1911. 5s. net each.

A CERTAIN immortality has now been conferred on Stevenson's letters by putting them into pocket volumes. When they are to be had at a shilling a volume the immortality should be complete. But this edition is also made considerably larger than the old, by the addition of one hundred and fifty letters. Nor are these merely the result of a second search in old drawers. Many are long and of great interest or charm to those who find these in Stevenson's letters: they cover all periods of his life, though the greatest number belongs to his youth. They are addressed to his old nurse, Alison Cunningham, to Henley, M. Rodin, J. W. Ferrier, Mrs. Sitwell, Mr. Sidney Colvin, and others.

Stevenson was a kind of Ariel, and when he was not sitting down hard at work upon the creation of pure literature, he could write or talk with a nimbleness and directness often beyond criticism. He was, however, a theatrical kind of Ariel, and he knew how charming he was. In one of the new letters, addressed to his mother when he was twenty, he describes his social success on a steamer, and particularly how Sam Bough the painter told him: "Ah, but you've such a pleasant manner, you know—quite captivated my old woman, you did—she couldn't talk of anything else." It was enough to turn his head, he says. A young woman was among the conquered, and he thus describes the parting: "The steamer left, and Miss Amy and her cousin waved their handkerchiefs, until my arm in answering them was nearly broken. I believe women's arms must be better made for this exercise: mine aches still; and I regretted at the time that the handkerchief had seen service. Altogether, however, I was left in a pleasant frame of mind."

That is a great part of Stevenson, and he never wrote better. No wonder that two years later he wished that life was an opera, with a half-hearted sneer at "asking for three-kreutzer cigars in recitative", etc. Even when "gumboiled and face-swollen to an unprecedented degree" he calls himself "light L. Stevenson" and presents his correspondent with a fragment of an essay on "a healthy philosophic carelessness". Twenty years after, on the s.s. "Mariposa", he found himself in company that he did not think much of, and since his stepdaughter was Boswellising him, he says: "After the first meal, having gauged the kind of jests that would pay here, I observed, 'Boswell is barred during this cruise'."

It would have been hard for a man of this charm, especially an invalid and a writer, to remain in ignorance of it. Nor did knowledge spoil it. To the end he could be as nimble and direct as ever. The marvel is the greater because he was always unconsciously labouring to smother it by his theory of style. From first to last there is not a letter where he had sufficiently mastered his thought and feeling about a thing to write his words down straight with their natural music. He had an exquisite ear, but he halved its power by forcing it to do work in answer not to his instinct but to his intelligence, and his ear after a time could only tell him that a phrase was wrong; it could not prevent him from using it. At the age of forty-four he slipped into a rhyme

and was aware of it and showed it as follows: "As for my own opinion, I believe it to be a speaking likeness, and not flattered at all; possibly a little the reverse. The verses (curse the rhyme) look remarkably well."

At twenty-three he frequently wrote, saying how he wished he could make his correspondent feel, for example, "the hush that is over everything, only made the more perfect by rare interruptions; and the rich, placid light, and the still, autumnal foliage". At forty-two he would describe a scene that "held him spell-bound" and then remark that he could not help "trying to reproduce this in words". It is a significant phrase. That was his theory, not always consciously held, that things could be "reproduced in words". Intellectually he denied it, for example, when he disagreed with realists. Instinctively he always acted upon it. In "A College Magazine" he has told us how he waited about as a boy, "fitting what he saw with appropriate words". The result must have been that he saw little except with the mere eye, that he grew tired and so long as he was curious in his words would be willing to neglect the things. He did not mind writing about a violet: "The first violet. There is more sweet trouble for the heart in the breath of this small flower than in all the wines of all the vineyards of Europe. I cannot contain myself. I do not think so small a thing has ever given me such a princely festival of pleasure", etc.

Then upon the next day he reflected that his "wonderful tremors" did not make him "write a good style" (æt. 23). The point is that at the time he was prepared to cut short whatever the tremor was by trying to "reproduce it in words", while his judgment was, or should have been, suspended by the tremor itself. This was at Menton. There one day he took out a Horace and watched the olives, trying "to hit upon some language that might catch ever so faintly the indefinable shifting colour of olive leaves". Such an attitude spoils much paper and deep pleasure, though it substitutes a vainer pleasure and may be a source of profit. He thought, like a shop-window dresser, that all objects should have labels attached to them. The kind of labels found by him are not such as to have persuaded a true lover of "lovely words" and nature to go on with the task. Thus he writes at Monaco, in a letter now published for the first time:

"... Shrub geraniums, firs, and aloes cover all available shelves and terraces, and where these become impossible, the prickly pear precipitates headlong downwards its bunches of oval plates; so that the whole face of the cliff is covered with an arrested fall (please excuse clumsy language), a sort of fall of the evil angels petrified in its career."

What a mess! He was blind, and therefore unwarned, and he lived to bid the young artist do likewise: "Think of technique when you rise and when you go to bed. Forget purposes in the meanwhile", but also "beware of realism". It was too late for Mr. Colvin to warn him when at forty-three he wrote: "A heavenly day again! The world all dead, silence, save when, from far down below us in the woods, comes up the crepitation of the little wooden drum that beats to church."

"Save when"! This is neither plain English nor "belles lettres", but an abominable half-and-half, due to lack of time and contempt for the correspondent. Mr. Henry James doubtless never troubled to laugh at him for putting at the end of a long letter: "I decline any longer to give you examples of how not to write."

It would be rash to say what was the full result of this attitude towards words and things, but certainly it is intimately connected with the curious lightness and unreality of much of Stevenson's writing. His words are as far as words can be from the flesh, earth, or flowers which they "reproduce": they are perilously near the ghostliness of mere words. His "Old Scotch Gardener", for example, is not a man but a ghost on which to hang a number of charming stories. From beginning to end there is nothing of a gardener or of a garden, but only, by the cruel revenge of Nature, a taste of "light L. Stevenson", and many well-chosen words. After reading his letters and his opinions on writing we are not surprised in "Travels with a

Donkey" to find that nothing like a reality can be created out of his words. What he experienced was blunted by thinking of a suitable translation from acts into words, and so we have the gay and nimble narration of buying the donkey and the quite incredible swearing mother and son met on the first evening. And when he says that he and the maker of the pad "were very warm and unfriendly, and spoke with a deal of freedom" what does he convey, beyond the intention to say something amusing about what was not amusing at the time? The reason of this unreality is plain. What was important to Stevenson was that he should use his experiences to make money and fame, that he should turn men and Nature into words. It was less important that he should feel or see the presence of men or Nature than that he should paraphrase them by graceful and mellifluous arrangements of words. To his craft, as he said himself, the whole material of his life was tributary. He went about among his experiences feeling them as the witch felt Hansel and Gretel, to see if they were ready for the oven. Another result of the unhappy theory was that he invented new vices. What would be unnoticeable in another writer shrieks in his page—the use of an unusual word twice in a chapter, the use of "still" for "always", and a score of idioms which he loved too well not to abuse. One charm of the letters is that he sometimes escapes himself. Commonly there is a mixture of the Ariel and the deliberate writer, neither the better for the union. Quite often also, when he had not escaped himself, he does an admirable piece of Stevenson. More often Ariel's wings, without getting clear of their encumbrances, show their prettiness by gliding amongst them like a swallow in a parlour. There was magic in him and it is in a hundred of the letters. He never gets far away from style, as he never does from talk about giving "a good example" and doing "something to make things happier and better". But he is an Ariel still, even when soiled and sick and getting old. It is this Ariel that helps to make not only the unreality of his books but also the quickness and grace which so often hide the unreality.

THE SHORT-CUT TO THE YANGTSE.

"Shans at Home." By Mrs. Leslie Milne, with two chapters on Shan History and Literature by the Rev. W. W. Cochrane. London: Murray. 1910. 15s. net.

IN their adventurous policy of annexation in Tibet the Chinese have over-run the British frontier. Some few weeks ago Chinese troops crossed the watershed of the Lohit, the eastern source of the Brahmaputra, and descending the Assam side, occupied the town of Rima, or Reuma, in the Mishmi Valley. This move creates another "Chumbi Valley" in our Eastern possessions, but one of far greater commercial importance than the first. For Rima stands upon and dominates what, as experts have shown, is the great natural short-cut and trade route from India to the Yangtse Valley, which traverses the heart of China.

Sadiya, the present terminus of the Calcutta-Assam railway, is little more than one day's rail from Calcutta, and only about 250 miles from the Yangtse, the great arterial waterway of Central China. The opening up of through communication between India and China by this route has not hitherto been attempted (except by a few explorers) on account of the hostility of the intervening semi-independent savage tribes—the Mishmis on the Assam side and the Shans, Lolos and Mossos on the Chinese border. The latter tract, however, has been extensively penetrated in recent years by Chinese prospecting syndicates, as its mineral wealth seems to equal or surpass that of the Assam side, where on the border of the Mishmi hills, the native home of the wild tea, are petroleum springs and the richest coalfields in Assam. On our side, the Mishmi country, although regarded as tributary to Assam, has been left unpenetrated, except by two punitive expeditions, pending the settlement of the south-eastern border between Upper Burma

and Assam, inhabited by the more civilised and law-abiding tribes, the Chins, Kachins, and Shans. Into the adjoining Abor country a punitive expedition is at present being arranged for this incoming "cold weather", on account of the recent murder of our political officer on the Assam border. Meanwhile, taking advantage obviously of our inaction in the Mishmi country, the "dangerous proximity of which to le léopard britannique" excited Prince Henri's fears, the Chinese have now crossed over into Rima. This is inhabited mostly by Tibetans, as indeed are nearly all the border towns outside the Tibetan frontier, for the people of these bleak uplands seek the valleys even when these lie outside their own frontier. This has been the practice in Sikkim, Nepal, and along the Himalayas, but the line of the water-parting of the great ranges has nevertheless remained as the recognised frontier—the Chumbi Valley being practically the only exception to this rule. No such unfortunate concession should, however, be allowed as a precedent to make us tolerate this fresh encroachment on what manifestly must become one of the great trade-routes of the world.

The intervening strip of country between the Mishmi border and the Yangtse, intersected by the twin-valleys of the Salween and Mekong (not insuperable obstacles to the engineering of a road), is occupied largely by Shans. This interesting people are shown by Lacouperie to have been the aboriginal inhabitants of China, south of the Yangtse, before the advent of the Chinese from the north. Those sections of the nation which did not become fused with the Chinese were pushed southwards and over the border, so that now they are found in Upper Assam, Upper Burma on the border of Yunnan, and they form the present ruling race in Siam. The Shans are a most picturesque, amiable, and law-abiding people. Their intimate domestic life is now charmingly revealed by Mrs. Milne. What Sir George Scott ("Shway Yoe") and H. Fielding Hall have done for their Burmese neighbours, Mrs. Milne has now done for the Shans. With rare sympathy and informed insight she has given us a book from which even those who already know the people intimately may derive something new. The photographic illustrations are admirably chosen.

Before our annexation of Upper Burma in 1886 the Shans led a wretched existence, preyed upon by the marauding Burmese, Kachins and other neighbouring wild tribes. "To organise out of chaos a helpful and strong government was no easy task. That it was accomplished with so small a force, so quickly, and with so little opposition was due to the energy, ability, and tact of the British officials. Immediately after the annexation began the era of improvement. Twenty-four years have passed since then; the British peace-officers have retired or are retiring, but they leave behind them a prosperous and happy people. Wealth and trade are increasing beyond all expectations, the population is rapidly increasing. A mother with her little child can travel alone from Mo-gaung to the border of Siam, from Kengtung to Rangoon, with comfort and perfect safety. The prospective wealth of the British Shan States is enormous. Their mountain ranges and alluvial valleys give almost unlimited choice of climate and variety of soil. The highlands are full of mineral deposits—silver, copper, lead, antimony, iron, gold in the sands of rivers, tin, and cinnabar have been found."

The artlessness of the people is delightful. "One young girl", says Mrs. Milne, "asked me to interpret the 'charms' that ornamented two panels of her skirt. She knew that they represented English words, and she longed to know if the 'charms' were lucky. The 'charms' were, ANKVA GERVA NI MADE. I told her that the words could do her no harm, and were lucky for those who had written them; but I thought that they brought no good fortune to us. These words may be bought in any quantity through all the Shan States, where unfortunately such British 'charms' are rare."

The regrettable neglect of British merchants to avail themselves of the new markets thus opened up to them by civilising British administration is strikingly dis-

closed. "There are practically no articles of British manufacture in the country districts of the Northern Shan States, except a few needles and reels of Paisley thread. Shoes and matches come from Japan, also thin cotton materials. Silks for embroidery, tinsel-thread, porcelain bowls, copper cooking pots, and brass lamps are of Chinese manufacture. Cotton goods and coarse muslins come from India. All other goods that are not of native workmanship are 'Made in Germany'. There are rows and rows of booths where only articles of German manufacture are sold. Kachins can buy cheap red German flannels which ornament their jackets, also the scarlet braid which when cut into lengths of a few inches is made into a fringe to decorate their bags. Common glass beads, belts, lamps for kerosene oil, pen-knives, scissors, and pencils—are all German. German silks and velvets, shirts and woven undergarments, knitted caps for children, envelopes and writing paper, enamelled ware, looking-glasses, tiny metal boxes for betel, blankets, porcelain cups and milk-jugs, bone buttons—all these articles and many others made, manufactured, and exported by Germany, fill the Shan markets and pass through the country in the packs of merchants on their way to Yunnan. German goods are bought because they exactly supply the wants of the people. It has been said that British merchants make their goods to please themselves, not to please their customers, saying: 'Here are our goods, you may come and take them'; while the Germans say: 'Tell us what you wish and we shall bring it to your door'."

THIRTY-SEVEN YEARS IN INDIA.

"Amongst Indian Rajahs and Ryots." By Sir Andrew Fraser. London: Seeley. 1911. 18s. net.

SIR ANDREW FRASER, late Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal, has none of those claims upon the public which are possessed by journalists who visit India in order to use with a little local colour and some pretence of personal knowledge the material with which they are supplied by seditious syndicates, disloyal babus, disappointed graduates and unsuccessful lawyers. He lived his whole life in India, and throughout this book nothing is more evident than the real affection he has for the inhabitants, whose failings, by no means greater than those of other peoples, are more than redeemed by their many and exceptional merits. He has done well to give his volume a popular, familiar, and commonplace character, for so it will have the better chance of securing a wide circle of readers. The book really is what in its sub-title it professes to be—"A civil servant's recollections and impressions of thirty-seven years of work and sport in the Central Provinces and in Bengal."

It might be said of Sir Andrew Fraser, as was said by Tacitus of Poppæus Sabinus, that he rose to high office, "Nullam ob eximiam artem, sed quod par negotiis, neque supra, erat", and like the Roman, the Indian proconsul was "maximis provinciis per quatuor et viginti annos impositus". The character and style of the author are evident from the manner and material of his book. He always showed great patience and courtesy towards all manner of people, and was able to converse with natives of India of all positions without offending the upper classes, as so many Europeans unwittingly do, by the innocent use of a wrong pronoun, or of some unsuitable expression. True it is that every public officer in India is now surrounded by natives of that country, who speak English as well as himself, and equally true is it that this gift of tongues, which distinguishes the educated Indian, is not always exercised for the benefit of the administration and the people. Sir Andrew Fraser, though a distinguished civilian of the covenanted service, can see the merits of the military civilian class, to which the Mysore province, as well as the Central Provinces, owes so much. There is nothing narrow or partial in his outlook and he neatly sums up a situation upon which a great deal has lately been written, when he says that "the transfer of the

seat of the Government of India to London is not only contrary to the traditions of our rule, but necessarily unwise and disastrous". Further, he points out that the voice of the Babu and of his agent in England, "which is received as if it constituted the national voice, is in no sense national, and that those who give expression to it are, to an extent which we in the West cannot easily understand, out of touch with their countrymen in the interior". The bearing of this indisputable fact upon the problem of unrest is obvious and immediate, and to quote again what the author says: "The unrest is confined to a small section of the community, and principles of government are being taught to the educated" (surely it should be English-educated) "classes, for which the vast body of the people are altogether unfit." He then reminds his readers of that which the sons of sedition and their English agents ignore, "that we are in India not for the sake of a small class, but for the whole body of the inhabitants".

Temperate and impartial as is his narrative he cannot abstain from condemning the weakness exhibited by the Government of India in the last few years, when he exposes the roots of the agitation for depriving the heads of districts of their magisterial powers, for undoing the duplication of Bengal, and for blackening the character of the Indian police and, through them, of the peoples of India, from whom they are recruited, and the campaign against the public servants and the loyalists in India which is carried on in the Radical and Labour Press and by Labour members and Little Englanders and Irish Nationalists in the House of Commons.

The mention of the police recalls the fact that Sir Andrew Fraser was head of the Indian Police Commission appointed by Lord Curzon, and he is probably the best living authority on the subject. His words and portions of the report of his Commission have, as usual, been misrepresented, misquoted, and torn from their context in order to justify an agitation for which they really afford no support.

As Sir J. D. Rees pointed out in a supplementary question to one put by Mr. Keir Hardie in the House of Commons, the real fault of the police in the eyes of that gentleman is, that in the proper performance of their duties they put his friends in prison.

Sir Andrew Fraser quotes the talented author of "Twenty-one Days in India," and puts a conundrum: "What is that the travelling M.P. treasures up and the Anglo-Indians hasten to throw away?" The answer is, "Erroneous, hazy, distorted first impressions", and Sir Andrew goes on to say that for his own part he thinks the impressions of such persons worth remembering, because they may enable the expert to understand the mental attitude of those who are ignorant of the country. Amongst such impressions is one to the effect that Indian women are cruelly secluded behind the purdah, in regard to which time-honoured illusion Sir Andrew points out that the zenana system is in no way indicative of a low opinion of females, or of their want of influence, and that the women who are secluded are at least as much in favour of the system as the men, having been trained for generations to regard it as a mark of respectability.

Upon the agricultural community and the land system Sir Andrew Fraser is a well-known authority, and he, like all who have a first-hand acquaintance with rural conditions, has discovered that if a local man of some standing will take the lead in village life, it is a great advantage. It is only professional politicians, indeed, who, finding this well-known truth in their way, have the hardihood to express the contrary opinion.

Again, it is men like Sir Andrew Fraser who know that in their own homes "the people of India are wonderfully truthful", that "it is remarkable how happy their lives are, though their standard of comfort is not high, and so long as their urgent wants are satisfied they do not care to exert themselves". "Most of them", he truly says, "are cheery, and one may often hear the song of them that labour, as well as see the joy of harvest". They support their own poor, and liberality is one of their great characteristics. How true, again,

is it that "so long as a Hindu keeps himself from ceremonial impurity, he may believe what he likes".

No one can peruse this simple, sincere and interesting book without a feeling of confidence in, and regard for, both the author and the peoples of India amongst whom he spent his working life.

CORONATION GLEANINGS.

"Westminster Abbey and the Antiquities of the Coronation." By W. R. Lethaby. London: Duckworth. 1911. 2s. 6d. net.

THIS unpretentious contribution to Coronation literature from our leading authority on the architecture of the age which gave us the present Abbey church fills up some gaps and corrects some accepted ideas about the great Solemnity. Mr. Lethaby reminds us, for one thing, how different the setting of a Coronation must have been when the glorious pageant was framed in columns of gleaming marble, in walls of gilded and rainbow-hued diaper, in glass of sweet, translucent beauty, in jewelled shrine and golden altar, rich with rare embroidery. For another thing, he brings evidence to show that the Scottish Stone of Fate, though of extraordinary interest, is not the Irish Lia-fail, which was still on Tara's hill in the fourteenth century. These "speaking stones", with their oracular utterances, were fairly common. The Jacob legend is not mentioned till Elizabethan times. Undoubtedly the accession of James gave it new life. May not the legend have grown out of the vision of ascending and descending angels seen by the Lambeth fishermen on the night of the Abbey's mystic hallowing, coupled perhaps with the similar vision seen by S. Columba as he lay dying with his head pillowed on this stone?

Mr. Lethaby considers that insufficient weight has been given to Byzantine influence on western Coronations. Thus the Confessor is styled *basileus* on his great seal. The sacring of Charlemagne at Rome in 800, at a time when the ceremonial example of Constantinople was dominant there, became doubtless the great typical Coronation. The "pulpit", stage or high scaffold—beneath which horsemen could ride, and the (literal) "degradation" of which to the present low "theatre" has made it necessary to erect high galleries for the spectators—was probably copied from the great canopied Ambo, standing on pillars and reached by two lofty flights of steps, that stood in Sta. Sophia when the eastern emperors were crowned. The sceptre and rod of our kings were also adopted from the eastern empire, and the pallium or mantle is, it would seem, the square imperial cloak, such as Justinian wears in the Ravenna mosaic.

But some weighty authorities contend for the ecclesiastical character of this regal pall. Mr. Lethaby falls into the curious mistake of confusing that erudite ritualist, Dr. Wickham Legg, the author of "Three Coronation Orders", with his son Mr. Leopold Wickham Legg, to whose monumental "Coronation Records" the volume before us frequently, *paterno nomine*, refers. Father and son have both, however, championed the prelate's doctrine of regal consecration, which bears a remarkable resemblance to the hallowing of a bishop, and they uphold the view that the mantle royal is a rectangular cope. Mr. Lethaby thinks that the "like as a busshop should say masse" idea has been over-emphasised. But he himself quotes Froissart's description of the vesting of Henry IV. "Then the King was appareled in churchman's dress like a deacon, and then they put on him shoes of red velvet in manner of a prelate."

The sacramental anointing was from the first the vital and essential element of the rite, crowning being only one of several investitures of an already sealed and charactered king, and not necessarily the most important. For the sceptre is the Homeric and Scriptural mark of regality, and in "Liber Regalis" kingship is said to be conferred together with the

girding with the sword taken from God's altar. Formerly the Archbishop himself girded the King. By the bye, Mr. Lethaby follows a common usage in speaking of the anointing "cream". But this is a following of a Gallic corruption, the French talking of *crème* when they should say *chrème* (chrism). In this and the last Coronation the anointing on the breast has been restored—in the case of the King, not of the Consort—and in many minor details there has been conservative and reverent restoration. Last week's Coronation was in truth a service, and the Abbey for once looked like a church. Still we must demur to Mr. Lethaby's statement that "in recent years the modern form of the Coronation rites has certainly been improved". Most of the mutilations of the Reform era continue, and William IV.'s Coronation seems to be stereotyped as the accepted model. Moreover there have been further impairments, such as the omission of the First Oblation. Mr. Lethaby does well to suggest to scholars some big fields of further research, such as the printing of the voluminous and minute accounts of old Coronations. In every direction the subject is one of fascination and historic importance.

NOVELS.

"Tillers of the Soil." By J. E. Patterson. London: Heinemann. 1911. 6s.

Mr. Patterson is ill-advised in writing a preface in which he contrasts "truth" and "art" and claims a natural right to produce formless books. His story is in essence good enough to dispense with such an apology, and he will not persuade any lover of letters that *ceteris paribus* a badly constructed romance is better than one that conforms to recognised canons. His point, we take it, is that a man who has something to say is better worth hearing than a meaningless writer who has learned literary conventions. And he has much to say about rural life in Essex that deserves recognition. His central character is an enterprising Yorkshireman who attempts to awaken his new neighbours, to further co-operation, to introduce better farming, and to make village life more hopeful. But a great many things had happened in Yorkshire before the story begins. When a discarded mistress, who had served a sentence for infanticide and had been in some degree responsible for the suicide of her lover's wife, insisted on quartering herself in the farmer's new home, she introduced an element of handicap, so to say, to his public career. We do not understand the amiability with which the farmer's lawful daughter received the interloper. But in his drawing of a man genuinely public-spirited, generous, enterprising, whose private life had been scandalous, Mr. Patterson uses to good effect an interesting and quite possible situation. The Essex village people are well depicted, and the author has a sense of landscape. The farmer's daughter is loved by a young American who does not strike us as a very natural character. Is it an allegory that the last page finds all the people with ideas abandoning Essex for Canada?

"Ivor." By George Hansby Russell. London: Murray. 1911. 6s.

The sub-title is "A Tale of Lundy Island and the West Country", but the portions of the story which deal with the fascinating island of Lundy are but small. A preface announces that Mr. Russell has woven his tale round the historical misdeeds of one Thomas Benson, lessee of Lundy in the middle of the eighteenth century, and the historical misfortunes of Dr. John Shebbeare, a political writer. From an author of Mr. Russell's reputation we expect a lively tale, suited alike to boys and elders, with plenty of life and excitement in it, and fighting and riding and treachery and a happy ending. All of these we find in "Ivor", and yet it does not hold the attention: for one thing, though there are continual episodes and accidents, the actual plot of the story moves slowly, and

the anagnorisis, if we may use a term borrowed from Greek drama, is delayed so long that we have guessed it before we come to it. Mr. Russell displays, or at least appears to the amateur to display, an extensive and peculiar intimacy with Devon which may appeal to those who know the local topography very well indeed; but we do not feel that his rendering of the Devonshire dialect is on all-fours. However, the phraseology may have been different a hundred and fifty years ago.

"A Bed of Roses." By W. L. George. London: Palmer. 1911. 6s.

The title of Mr. George's novel is an allusion to a passage, quoted for the reader's convenience on the title-page, from "Mrs. Warren's Profession"; so much should indicate that it is a serious attempt to throw light on the oldest social problem. In such a matter, as far as the theorem goes, we have to believe that Mr. George the economist knows his definitions and axioms; Mr. George the novelist, with the inevitable postulates of romantic fiction, is, we think, a novice. But if this is his first novel it betrays itself as such not at all; the narration is clean and straightforward, and most of the characterisation excellent. Victoria, the young widow of an Anglo-Indian official, returns to England to find her own living, with no sort of protector except a particularly unworldly schoolmaster-brother. Like Mr. W. B. Maxwell's "Vivien" she tries shop-work; the various classes of restaurant in which she acts as waitress are carefully described and distinguished, and Mr. George reveals the economist's observant eye and notebook in the details which he provides of the life of a City waitress. Accidents, of course, happen to Victoria; one restaurant fails and puts up its shutters; at another she

(Continued on page 24.)

THE WESTMINSTER FIRE OFFICE

ESTD. A.D. 1717.
RECONSTITUTED 1906.

Head Office: 27 KING STREET, COVENT GARDEN, W.C.

City Office: 82 LOMBARD STREET, E.C.

APPLICATIONS FOR AGENCIES INVITED.

The Ideal Policy

enables Policyholders to reap the benefits of their investments DURING THEIR OWN LIFETIME, and in the event of premature death to leave their legal representative in possession of a comfortable home FREE FROM MORTGAGE DEBT or Encumbrance.

**Good Prospects for Active Agents.
Special Benefits for Total Abstainers.**

Prospectus and Terms Post Free.

The City Life Assurance Company, Ltd.,
6 Paul Street, Finsbury, London, E.C.
M. GREGORY, Managing Director.

SCOTTISH FUNDS £20,000,000 WIDOWS' FUND

ESTABLISHED
1815

**The LARGEST and WEALTHIEST OFFICE for MUTUAL
Life Assurance in the United Kingdom.**

ALL PROFITS REALISED BELONG TO THE POLICY HOLDERS.

Policies issued for Children—Educational Purposes
—Business Requirements—Marriage Settlements—
Dependants—Old Age—Death Duties, &c.

Prospectus and Quotations sent on application.

Head Office: EDINBURGH, 9 St. Andrew Square.
Glasgow Branch: 114 West George Street.

A PROFITABLE ASSURANCE.

SPECIAL COMBINATION securing, in return for a Limited Number of Premiums, a Fixed Sum at Death, whenever it may happen, and a

Large Guaranteed Bonus during Lifetime

together with valuable options and additional benefits.

EXAMPLE.—Age 25. Sum Assured £500.
Annual Premium (payable for 20 years only) - £23 16 8

GUARANTEED RESULTS:

(a) In case of death during the term,

PROFIT varying from £182 to £484.

(b) In case of survival,

ULTIMATE PROFIT of £273, in addition to 20 years' accumulated Bonuses.

GRESHAM LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY, LTD.,

CHIEF OFFICE: ST. MILDRED'S HOUSE, POULTRY, LONDON, E.C.

Assets Exceed £10,300,000. JAMES H. SCOTT, General Manager.

COUNTY FIRE OFFICE,

LIMITED,

50, REGENT ST., W.,

AND

4, LOMBARD ST., E.C.,

LONDON.

**Fire,
Consequential Loss Following
Fire,
Personal Accident & Disease,
Workmen's Compensation,
Domestic Servants,
Third Party & Drivers' Risks,
Motor Car and Lift,
Burglary and Theft,
Plate Glass,
Fidelity Guarantee.**

INSURANCES EFFECTED ON THE MOST FAVOURABLE TERMS. THE BUSINESS OF THIS OFFICE IS CONFINED TO THE UNITED KINGDOM.

FULL PARTICULARS UPON APPLICATION.

APPLICATIONS FOR AGENCIES INVITED.

F. G. REYNOLDS, Secretary.

PRUDENTIAL ASSURANCE COMPANY

(LIMITED),

HOLBORN BARS, LONDON, E.C.

INVESTED FUNDS - £77,000,000.

CLAIMS PAID - - - £90,000,000.

ALLIANCE

ASSURANCE COMPANY, LIMITED.

Head Office: BARTHOLOMEW LANE, LONDON, E.C.

ACCUMULATED FUNDS EXCEED £18,000,000.

Chairman:

Right Hon. LORD ROTHSCHILD, G.C.V.O.

THE OPERATIONS OF THE COMPANY EMBRACE
ALL BRANCHES OF INSURANCE.

DEATH DUTIES.—Special forms of Policies have been prepared by the Company providing for the payment of Death Duties, thus avoiding the necessity of disturbing investments at a time when it may be difficult to realise without loss.

INCOME TAX.—Under the provisions of the Act, Income Tax is not payable on that portion of the Assured's income which is devoted to the payment of annual premiums on an assurance on his life or on the life of his wife. Having regard to the amount of the Tax, this abatement (which is limited to one-sixth of the Assured's income) is an important advantage to Life Policyholders.

Full particulars of all classes of Insurance, together with Proposal Forms and Statement of Accounts, may be had on application to any of the Company's Offices or Agents.

APPLICATION FOR AGENCIES INVITED.

ROBERT LEWIS, General Manager.

fails, owing to the curse of shop-assistants, varicose veins. Mr. Bernard Shaw's text, in the play referred to, is worked out; but we could wish that Mr. George everywhere showed that strict ascetic determination to avoid romance that distinguishes the playwright. None the less, he has a great deal to contribute on the subject; and even if he occasionally drags in a scene to assist his argument—such as the very clever one in which Victoria the "fallen" rebuffs the suffragist lady—he maintains his purpose clearly throughout. We will find no fault with the exposition, if we may deplore that he is destructive only, and offers no reconstruction of the society he dissects so pitilessly; yet all such destructive work is bracing and stimulating, and the book should be recommended with the warning that it is not "for little people nor for fools".

"Body and Soul." By Lady Troubridge. London: Mills and Boon. 1911. 6s.

Having permitted her readers "to breathe the air breathed by people in Grosvenor Square", Lady Troubridge apparently considers that she has done her duty—but even the glamour that surrounds the doings of dissolute dukes cannot entirely blind us to the woeful fatuity of the whole plot. Rosalys Weston, who has been brought up to believe that she is the most beautiful girl in London, leaves her West Kensington home one evening with her middle-class brother and his wife for an excursion to the White City. Fired with the ambition to see life, she gives her friends the slip and finds herself on the Scenic Railway sitting next to Lord Charlbury—the wealthiest and most dissolute member of "the Smart Set". An accident occurs, Charlbury brings her home in his car, and two days later she is invited to a Royal ball given by the Duchess of Northbourne. There she is at once introduced to the German Emperor, whom she is left to entertain whilst Charlbury is hunting up couples for a Royal quadrille! From this promising opening the story never declines upon the plane of probability: Rosalys becomes Lady Charlbury, because Charlbury must at all hazards be prevented from marrying the seductive Mrs. Cartaret; but her husband regards his marriage vows with apparent indifference, and is fortunate in the forgiving temperament of his injured wife—all of which, Lady Troubridge would have us believe, are characteristics of the really "Smart Set"! As a serial story in a daily paper, "Body and Soul" might well satisfy the straphanger in the Tube; but as a novel it makes too great a demand upon our patience and credulity.

SHORTER NOTICES.

"Marriage, Totemism, and Religion." By Lord Avebury. London: Longmans. 1911. 4s. 6d. net.

This is Lord Avebury's answer to the critics who have modified or demolished his pioneer theories of 1870. Of course, it is only the original investigator who has any right whatever to a theory of the origin of marriage, or of any of the stages of the process of its development. It is impossible for the mere reader of books simply by weighing the evidence and opinions of the investigators to strike any sort of balance, to say definitely who is right or wrong. That men like Westermarck, M'Lennan, Coulanges or Letourneau have any theories at all is only because they have been struck in their researches by some one set of conditions to which they have attached greater value than to others. All the specialists contradict one another, which shows there is as yet no simple and universal hypothesis which will cover the whole field of their investigation. Was there in the beginning communal marriage or marriage at all? There is an immediate answer yes and no from those in authority. M'Lennan first dismissed communal marriage with contempt, and afterwards as good as withdrew his criticism. Letourneau and Stårcke do not believe in it: Howitt and Fison and Dr. Frazer do. Again, take exogamy. There are at least ten theories of exogamy. Tyler followed Plutarch, who saw in exogamy a political expedient to strengthen treaties by foreign alliances. M'Lennan and Morgan said it arose from scarcity of women due to female infanticide. Müller held it was due to coyness of the female: Bachofen held it was due to social reform established under female supremacy. Westermarck

explains it as a recoil by instinct against marriage between near kinsfolk. Herbert Spencer held that the prevention of marriage among kinsfolk was deliberately enforced by chiefs of the tribe. M. Girard Teulon tried to explain exogamy by natural selection: the tribes which did not practise it were gradually weeded out. Coulanges, in his brilliant and fascinating "La Cité Antique", put forward a religious explanation of marriage by capture. Mr. Andrew Lang explains exogamy by the totem. Lastly there is the theory of Lord Avebury himself. He holds that the women of the tribe were common; but that the captured woman of a hostile tribe belonged to the captor alone. Her relation to the captor was par excellence marriage, and in time was a model for the institution. Lord Avebury's explanation is too reasonable to be accepted with any confidence. In demolishing the theories of his adversaries he is on safer ground; for no theory squares with half the facts recorded or observed. The book is an excellent introduction to the study of these questions. It gives an adequate idea of the difficulties of the subject, and the peril of trusting oneself to any single guide. Also Lord Avebury was a pioneer, and he has lived through all the really important years in the history of this particular science. In answering his critics he is exercising his right of reply as opener of the debate.

"Sea-Wolves of the Mediterranean: the Grand Period of the Moslem Corsairs." By Commander E. Hamilton Currey R.N. London: Murray. 10s. 6d. net.

The history of piracy in the Mediterranean has hitherto suffered from a neglect not easy to account for in an age when historians are so anxious to break new ground. The documents upon which a real book on the subject should be based are scattered over numerous bundles of diplomatic and family records, the bulk of which are still reposing undisturbed in the dust of public and private archives. Commander Currey's work can in no way be regarded as a book of the kind we have long been expecting. He tells once more the oft-told tale of the transformation of Algiers and Tunis into strongholds of Moslem piracy, chiefly by the genius of the notorious brothers Barbarossa. His story, roughly, begins with their appearance at the beginning of the sixteenth century and ends with the loss of the command of the sea by the Turks after the battle of Lepanto in 1571. It is told with considerable zest, and it displays that intimacy with maritime affairs which we have a right to demand from a sailor. But, derived entirely from printed books, it adds nothing to our knowledge of the period with which it deals. In addition to its lack of novelty, the book suffers throughout from two fatal errors—an indiscriminating reliance upon works written in days when historical criticism was still unknown, and a love of moral reflections the originality of which is not always quite proportionate to their length. The inaccuracies are often rather bad. For instance, he confidently quotes a speech which Khair-ed-din is supposed to have made to the Sultan Suliman the Magnificent, never stopping to look into his authority. The speech, of course, is no more authentic than the speeches which Herodotus loved to put into the mouths of his characters. Similar examples of laxity we meet in every chapter, and they tend to shake our confidence in the writer's accuracy as regards matters of fact. Nor is our sense of security increased when we turn to him for an interpretation. In matters of opinion, as in matters of statement, the author exhibits a naïveté unusual in these sophisticated days. It is only fair, however, to add that Commander Currey does not pose as a serious interpreter. Yet without a thorough mastery of the large political questions which occupied the minds of European statesmen during the last three centuries, it is impossible to explain the apparent tolerance that enabled the Moslem corsairs of the Mediterranean to defy all the Powers of Europe and to inflict upon each of them in turn disasters and disgraces almost incredible to the modern reader. Nevertheless, Commander Currey's book can be recommended as a lively and entertaining chronicle, full of the colour and music of the sea, and rich in incidents as romantic as any imagined by professional spinners of naval yarns.

"The Eye-Witness" is a new sixpenny weekly review edited by Mr. Hilaire Belloc. To judge from number one it is to be independent of party and brutally honest in tone. Among its first contributors are Mr. H. G. Wells, Mr. Maurice Baring, and Mr. Algernon Blackwood; while Mr. Desmond MacCarthy is dramatic critic. It is exactly the sort of review to be expected of Mr. Belloc as editor. It will be read, of course, by all who agree with Mr. Belloc politically; and, we sincerely hope, by others who do not. Certainly it is a review for democrats: real, truculent, unswerving democrats, who hate votes for ladies and detest the House of Commons.

For this Week's Books see page 26.

P&O Under Contract with His Majesty's Government.
Mail and Passenger Services.
 EGYPT, INDIA, CHINA, JAPAN, AUSTRALASIA, &c.
 Conveying Passengers and Merchandise to ALL EASTERN PORTS.

P&O Pleasure Cruises

from LONDON (*Calling at Leith).

By the new Twin-screw S.S. "MANTUA," 11,500 tons.
 SWEDEN, DENMARK, RUSSIA, &c. | Cr. D.—Aug. 4 to Aug. 23

Cruises by the S.V. "VECTIS."

*THE NORWEGIAN FJORDS - - - No. 6—July 27 to Aug. 9
 *THE NORWEGIAN FJORDS - - - No. 7—Aug. 11 to Aug. 24
 DALMATIA, VENICE, CORFU - - - No. 8—Sept. 8 to Oct. 7

Fares for Cruises 6 or 7 from 12 Guineas;
 8 from 25 Guineas; 9 from 20 Guineas.

Illustrated Programme free by post.
P. & O. Offices Northumberland Avenue, W.C. | London.
 122, Leadenhall Street, E.C.

NORWAY

NORTH CAPE & CHRISTIANIA.

YACHTING CRUISES DE LUXE

— BY —

R.M.S.P. "AVON" (Twin Screw, 11,073 Tons).

From GRIMSBY & LEITH.

July 6th & 21 to NORTH CAPE & FJORDS ... (13 days)
 August 5 to FJORDS ... (12 ")
 August 19 to FJORDS & CHRISTIANIA ... (16 ")
 From £1 a Day.

* From Southampton July 5.

For further particulars apply for Illustrated Booklet.

R.M.S.P. The Royal Mail
Steam Packet Company.

LONDON:

18 Moorgate Street, E.C., or 32 Cockspur Street, S.W.



UNION-CASTLE LINE.

ROYAL MAIL SERVICE TO SOUTH AND EAST AFRICA.—Via Madeira, Canaries, Ascension, St. Helena, and Lobito Bay.

Steamers	Service	London	Southampton
* ARMADALE CASTLE	Royal Mail	—	July 1
† BRAEMAR CASTLE	Intermediate	June 30	July 1
* KILDONAN CASTLE	Royal Mail	—	July 8
† GAIKA	Intermediate	July 7	July 8

* Via Madeira. † Via Tenerife. ‡ Via Las Palmas.

Donald Currie and Co., Managers, 3 and 4 Fenchurch Street, E.C. West End Agencies—Sleeping Car Co., 20 Cockspur Street, S.W., and Thos. Cook and Son, 13 Cockspur Street, S.W.

RAND MINES, LIMITED.

(INCORPORATED IN THE TRANSVAAL.)

Declaration of Dividend No. 16.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT AN INTERIM DIVIDEND of 110 per cent. (5s. 6d. per ss. share) has been declared by the Board for the half-year ending 30th of JUNE, 1911.

This DIVIDEND will be payable to all Shareholders registered in the books of the Company at the close of business on 30th of JUNE, 1911, and to holders of COUPON No. 16 attached to Share Warrants to bearer.

The Transfer Books will be closed from the 1st to the 7th of JULY, 1911, both days inclusive.

The DIVIDEND will be payable to South African registered Shareholders from the Head Office, Johannesburg, and to European Shareholders from the London Office, 1 London Wall Buildings, London Wall, E.C., on or about the 11th of AUGUST, 1911.

HOLDERS OF SHARE WARRANTS TO BEARER are informed that they will receive payment of the DIVIDEND on presentation of COUPON No. 16 at the London Office of the Company, or at the Compagnie Française de Banque et de Mines, 20 Rue Tailbout, Paris, or at the Banque Internationale de Bruxelles, Brussels.

COUPONS must be left FOUR CLEAR DAYS for examination and will be payable at any time on or after the 11th of AUGUST, 1911.

COUPONS and DIVIDEND WARRANTS paid by the London Office to Shareholders resident in the United Kingdom will be subject to a deduction of the English Income Tax.

COUPONS and DIVIDEND WARRANTS paid by the London Office to Shareholders resident in France, and COUPONS paid by the Compagnie Française de Banque et de Mines, Paris, will be subject to a deduction on account of French Transfer Duty and French Income Tax.

COUPONS presented at the Banque Internationale de Bruxelles, Brussels, must be accompanied by Affidavits or Statutory Declarations on forms obtainable from the Company's London Office, or from the Banque Internationale de Bruxelles, declaring the full name and residence of the owner of the Share Warrants from which such Coupons have been detached.

London Office:

No. 1 LONDON WALL BUILDINGS, E.C.,

24th June, 1911.

By Order of the Board,

A. MOIR,

London Secretary.

NOTICE.

The Terms of Subscription to the SATURDAY REVIEW are:—

	United Kingdom.	Abroad.
	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
One Year ...	1 8 2	1 10 4
Half Year ...	0 14 1	0 15 2
Quarter Year ...	0 7 1	0 7 7

Cheques and Money Orders should be crossed and made payable to the Manager, SATURDAY REVIEW OFFICES, 10 King Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C.

TANNER'S PENS.

RICHARD TANNER & SONS

(Removed from 5 Highbury Place),

Special High-Class Steel Pen Makers,
2 BUSHELL STREET, LONDON, E.

Established over 70 years.

Pens to suit all ages and every style of writing at various prices, from 3/6 per gross upwards. Box of assorted samples, free by post, on receipt of 1/-.

TANNER'S PENS are used by the following:—

ARTHUR GUINNESS, SONS & CO., Dublin, Brewers.

WILLIAMS, DEACON & CO., Bankers, London and Manchester.

LONDON ASSURANCE CORPORATION, London.

I. & R. MORLEY, London.

ARMY & NAVY CLUB, Pall Mall.

S. MAW, SON & SONS, London.

DUNVILLE & CO., Distillers, Belfast.

GUILDHALL SCHOOL OF MUSIC, London.

NOBEL'S EXPLOSIVE CO., Glasgow.

WITHERBY & CO., Notaries, London.

HITCHCOCK, WILLIAMS & CO., London.

LONDON COUNTY & WESTMINSTER BANK, and many others.

Agents in London—WATERLOW & SONS, Ltd., Birehlin Lane.

" Dublin—ALEX. THOM & CO., Middle Abbey Street.

" Glasgow—WILSON, GUTHRIE & CO., Wilson Street.

TANNER'S PENS may be ordered from any respectable Stationer, or direct from the Agents or the Proprietors as above.

POOLE & LORD

INDIAN AND GENERAL OUTFITTERS,

322 OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.

(NEARLY OPPOSITE BOND STREET.)

INVENTORS OF THE

"Sans-Pile" SHIRT.

Prices from 7s. 6d.

The "SANS-PILE" Shirt is superior to any other for Indian and Colonial wear. Being entirely free from gathers, it is cooler, much stronger, and will bear the Indian mode of washing better than any shirt in use.

A single shirt, or other article, made to measure, and accurate patterns preserved to ensure correctness in the execution of future orders.

Makers of Drawers with Flexible Hip Belt Bands.

"BREECHES CUT."

CONNOISSEURS OF COFFEE

DRINK THE

RED

WHITE

& BLUE

DELICIOUS FOR BREAKFAST & AFTER DINNER.

In making, use less quantity, it being much stronger than ordinary COFFEE.

International RUBBER and Allied Trades EXHIBITION

ROYAL AGRICULTURAL HALL

Patron:

His Majesty the King. Sir Henry A. Blake, G.C.M.G.

President:

OPEN Daily from 11 a.m. to 10 p.m.

— to and including 14th July. —

Admission 1s.

International RUBBER CONGRESS

commences Monday, 3rd July.

— International —

RUBBER EXHIBITION BANQUET,

7th July.

Miss D. FULTON, Secretary,

75 Chancery Lane, London, W.C.

A. STAINES MANDERS,

Manager.

THE NINETEENTH CENTURY & AFTER. JULY.

THE NAVAL OUTLOOK. By Sir WILLIAM H. WHITE, K.C.B. (*late Director of Naval Construction*).
WANTED—AN INTERNATIONAL POLICE. By Rear-Admiral CASPAR F. GOODRICH, U.S.N.
THE CONSTITUTIONAL CONTROVERSY AND FEDERAL HOME RULE. By J. A. MURRAY MACDONALD, M.P.
FRANCE IN NORTH AFRICA. By Sir HARRY H. JOHNSTON, G.C.M.G., K.C.B.
ELIZABETHAN DRAMA IN THE MAKING. By Sir EDWARD SULLIVAN, Bart.
A FORTNIGHT WITH THACKERAY IN 1852. By the late Rev. H. J. CREALES.
THE RAILWAYS OF INDIA. By MURRAY ROBERTSON.
WHEN THE RANI LIFTS HER VEIL IN LONDON. By SAINT NIHAL SINGH.
COUNT DE GOBINEAU'S ETHNOLOGICAL THEORY. By ARTHUR S. HERBERT.
THE BOY SCOUT MOVEMENT. By W. CECIL PRICE.
A PORTUGUESE JACOBIN. By J. O. P. BLAND.
THE INSURANCE BILL, THE DOCTORS, AND NATIONAL POLICY. By HARRY ROBERTS.
THE GRAVE OF WILLIAM BLAKE. By HERBERT G. JENKINS (*Herbert Jones*).
"LA FORCE NOIRE": THE DANGER TO FRANCE OF HER BLACK ARMY. By MAX MONTESOLE.
THE DESPOTISM OF THE LABOUR PARTY. By HAROLD COX.
LONDON: SPOTTISWOODE & CO. LTD., 5 NEW-STREET SQUARE.

THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW. CONTENTS. JULY, 1911.

THE DEADLOCK AND ITS REMEDIES. By ARTHUR A. BAUMANN.
MOB AND MILLIONAIRE. By WALTER SICHEL.
NEW IMPERIAL BURDEN-BEARERS. By RICHARD HAIN.
THE UNIONIST PARTY AND THE CONSTITUTIONAL CRISIS. By W. G. HOWARD GRITTEN.
THE REAL BARRY LYNDON. By LEWIS MELVILLE.
THE BOYS OF THACKERAY. By ROWLAND GREY.
DIAZ: THE MAKER OF MODERN MEXICO. By Mrs. ALEC TWEEDIE.
WAGNER AND HIS AUTOBIOGRAPHY. By ERNEST NEWMAN.
ACCEPTANCES. By ALFRED NOYES.
THE INVESTITURE OF THE PRINCE OF WALES. By BERIAH G. EVANS.
THE ENGLISH SCHOOL OF PAINTING AT THE ROMAN EXHIBITION. By J. CONYNS CARR.
THE DECLARATION OF LONDON. By Sir THOMAS BARCLAY, M.P.
THE JEWISH RENAISSANCE IN PALESTINE. By NORMAN BENTWICH.
OUR IMMIGRATION LAWS. By JASPER KEMMIS.
THE GOSPEL OF THE GOURMET. By E. F. BENSON.
PROBLEMS OF CONTEMPORARY CRICKET. By Sir HOME GORDON, Bart.
THREE STORIES. By the Very Rev. ROBERT HUGH BENSON.
LONDON: CHAPMAN AND HALL, LIMITED.

NOW ON SALE. PRICE 6d.

THE JULY "BOOK MONTHLY" CONTENTS.

PERSONAL AND PARTICULAR. A Quiet Hour's Talk about People and Events in Bookland.
BOOKS AND THE WOMAN. A Plea for the Buying of Volumes instead of Sweets—By VIOLET STUBBINS.
NOTES ON REVIEWS. And Likewise on Reviewers as Other Men See Them—By J. ARTHUR HILL.
A LONDON LETTER. About Coronation Reading, the American Bookbuyer and Stratford—By THE EDITOR.
CLERKS AND READING. A Reply to a Recent Much Discussed "Book Monthly" Article—By FIRTH CROSSLEY.
LAUGH AND GROW—! Bookish Pickups, Chiefly American, for that After-Coronation Feeling.
GLEAMS OF "R.L.S." Human Nature and Literary Art in Stevenson's Correspondence.
A JULY GLEANING. Of Novels Published in the Season of Coronation—By C. E. LAWRENCE.
COPY, SIR, PLEASE. An Author's Dream Told as a "Fill-up" Story—By JOHN BROWN ROBINSON SMITH.
NEW BOOKS NEARLY READY. Particulars of Interesting Volumes Likely to be published this Month.
BOOKS OF THE MONTH. A Chronicle of the Noteworthy Publications of June. With a Reviewing Commentary.
THE PERIODICALS. Contents of some July Reviews and Magazines.
Publishers: SIMPKIN, MARSHALL & CO., Stationers' Hall Court, London.

"What is in the BYSTANDER this week?"

is now the recognised salutation in Society, Political, and Social circles. Its handy size, its bright, topical pictures, its pungent paragraphs all combine to make THE BYSTANDER the most popular paper of its class, if, indeed, it may not be accurately described as a class of itself.

Out every Wednesday. Price 6d.

OFFICES: TALLIS HOUSE, TALLIS STREET, LONDON, E.C.

THIS WEEK'S BOOKS.

BIOGRAPHY.
The Life of Sir Joseph Banks (Edward Smith). Lane. 12s. 6d. net.
CLASSICS.
Catvlli, Tibvlli, Properti Carmina Qvæ extant Omnia (Cvra Robinson Ellis). Lee Warner, 21s. net.
FICTION.
Because of a Kiss (Lady Constance). Stanley Paul. 6s.
Love and the Agitator (Ellis Lloyd). Century Press. 6s.
An Unnatural Mother (Slieve Foy); The Serpent (Winifred May Scott). Lynwood. 6s. each.
When the Red Gods call (Beatrice Grimshaw). Mills & Boon, 6s.
The Shadow of Love (Marcelle Tinayre). Lane. 6s.
In Search of Egeria (W. L. Courtney). Chapman & Hall. 6s.
HISTORY.
The Baronetage under Twenty-Seven Sovereigns, 1608-1910: A Dated Catalogue of Events. St. Catherine Press. 7s. 6d. net.
La Fleur des Histories Français (Gabriel Hanotaux). Hachette. 3fr. 50.
Napoleon and his Coronation (Frédéric Masson), 12s. 6d. net; Loretto School Past and Present (H. B. Tristram). Fisher Unwin. 7s. 6d. net.
LAW.
Heywood & Massey's Lunacy Practice (N. Arthur Heywood). Stevens & Sons, Ltd. 30s.

REPRINTS.
County Churches: Norfolk (J. Charles Cox, 2 Vols.). Allen. 3s. net.
The Garden of Mystery (Richard Marsh); In Spite of the Czar (Guy Boothby). Long. 6d. net each.
The Handy Guide to Norway (Thomas B. Wilson). Stanford. 3s. 6d. net.

SCHOOL BOOKS.
Cambridge Historical Readers (Edited by G. F. Bosworth, F.R.G.S.): Vol. I., Introduction; Vol. II., Primary, 1s. each; Vol. III., Junior; Vol. IV., Intermediate, 1s. 6d. net each; Vol. V., Senior, 2s. Cambridge: at the University Press.
A First Book in English Literature (Henry S. Pancoast). Bell. 5s. net.

VERSE AND DRAMA.
The Masters of Mrs. Chivers (An Improbable Comedy imagined by Jerome K. Jerome). Fisher Unwin. 2s. 6d. net.

MISCELLANEOUS.
Adventures in Prose (Henry Noel Brailsford). Herbert and Daniel. 5s. net.
British Rural Life and Labour (Francis George Heath). King. 10s. 6d. net.
British Trade Book, The (John Holt Schooling). Murray. 10s. 6d. net.
Collected Works of Ambrose Bierce, The, Vol. VII. New York: Neale Publishing Co.
Etude sur l'Influence de Laurence Sterne (Francis Brown. Barton). Hachette. 3fr. 50.
Footpath Way, The (With an Introduction by Hilaire Belloc). Sidgwick & Jackson. 2s. 6d. net.
Ground Plan of the English Parish Church, The (A. H. Thompson). Cambridge University Press. 1s. net.
La Douce France (René Bazin). Paris: de Gigord.
More Mastersingers (Filon Young). Grant Richards. 5s. net.
REVIEWS AND MAGAZINES FOR JULY: The English Review, 2s. 6d.; The Empire Review, 6d.; The Moslem World, 1s.; The Englishwoman, 1s.; Fry's, 6d.; The Fortnightly Review, 2s. 6d.; The Cornhill, 1s.; The Treasury, 6d.; Scribner's, 1s.; Blackwood's, 2s. 6d.; Antiquary, 6d.; The Empire, 6d.; Harper's, 1s.; The Nineteenth Century and After, 2s. 6d.; Contemporary Review, 2s. 6d.

Messrs. SOTHERAN'S WEST-END HOUSE

IS NOW IN ENLARGED PREMISES AT

43 PICCADILLY, W.

(Opposite PRINCE'S HALL).

BOOKS ENGRAVINGS AND AUTOGRAPHS

on View: Valued for Insurance or Probate; Bought for Cash.
Telephone: Mayfair 3681. Telegraphic Address: Bookmen, London.

SECOND EDITION. Price 2s. 6d. net.

CATHOLICISM ON A PHILOSOPHICAL BASIS.

By B. C. NIXON, M. E. UNDERDOWN, and H. CUNLIFFE.

SWAN SONNENSCHN, LONDON.

THE DIVINITY OF KINGS.

By WILLIAM DUNN.

WITH MANY ILLUSTRATIONS and of much interest.
QUARTO 6s. 6d.

RICKMANS, 35 Walbrook, London, E.C.

OF ALL BOOKSELLERS.

ONE SHILLING NET.

THE CALL OF THE PAST: A POLITICAL JINGLE.

By A. H. COCHRAN.

"This call's in our blood, and it comes to each man
From those others who cannot awaken; *we can*."

LONDON: SIMPKIN, MARSHALL, HAMILTON, KENT & CO., LTD.

NEW EDITION, 3/6 NET.

MEMORIES OF GARDENS.

By ALEX. INNES SHAND.

With a Memoir by Sir ROWLAND BLENNERHASSETT.

Two charming Plates in Colours.

Two Portraits and other Illustrations.

The *Scotsman* says: "Lovers of nature and of sport will welcome a new and cheaper edition of A. Innes Shand's 'Memories of Gardens.' Mr. Shand was one of our best and most lucid writers on these subjects. The book is beautifully illustrated and clearly printed. It is in every sense an artistic production."

Order of your bookseller, or direct from the Office,
3s. 10d. post free.

THE WEST STRAND PUBLISHING CO.,
10 King Street, Covent Garden, W.C.

DARLINGTON'S HANDBOOKS.

"Nothing better could be wished for."—*British Weekly*.
"Far superior to ordinary guides."—*Daily Chronicle*.

Visitors to London (and Residents) should use

DARLINGTON'S

LONDON

By E. C. COOK and
E. T. COOK, M.A.5th Edition Revised, 6s.
30 Maps and Plans.
80 Illustrations.

AND ENVIRONS.

"The best handbook to London ever issued."—*Liverpool Daily Post*.

Illus. Maps and Plans, 5s.

100 Illus. Maps and Plans, 5s.

NORTH WALES.

DEVON AND CORNWALL.

50 Illustrations, 6 Maps, 2s. 6d.

NORTH DEVON AND NORTH CORNWALL.

50 Illustrations, 6 Maps, 2s. 6d.

SOUTH DEVON AND SOUTH CORNWALL.

1/- THE HOTELS OF THE WORLD.

A Handbook to the Leading Hotels throughout the World.

Visitors to Edinburgh, Brighton, Eastbourne, Hastings, St. Leonards, Worthing, Bournemouth, Exeter, Torquay, Paignton, Exmouth, Sidmouth, Teignmouth, Dawlish, Plymouth, Dartmouth, Dartmoor, Exmoor, Falmouth, The Lizard, Penzance, Land's End, Selly Isles, St. Ives, Newquay, Tintagel, Clovelly, Ilfracombe, Lynton, Minehead, Bideford, Wye Valley, Severn Valley, Bath, Weston-super-Mare, Malvern, Hereford, Worcester, Gloucester, Cheltenham, Llandrindod, Brecon, Ross, Tintern, Llangollen, Aberystwyth, Towyn, Barmouth, Dolgelly, Harlech, Criccieth, Pwllheli, Llandudno, Rhyl, Conway, Colwyn Bay, Penmaenmawr, Llanfairfechan, Bangor, Carnarvon, Beddgelert, Snowdon, Festiniog, Trefriw, Bettws-y-Coed, Buxton, Matlock, The Peak, Norwich, Yarmouth, Lowestoft, Norfolk Broads, Isle of Wight, and Channel Islands should use

DARLINGTON'S HANDBOOKS, 1/- each.

Post free from Darlington & Co., Llangollen.

LLANGOLLEN: DARLINGTON & CO.

LONDON: SIMPKINS.

PARIS AND NEW YORK: BRENTANO'S.

The Railway Bookstalls and all Booksellers.

Macmillan's New Books

The Autobiography of ALFRED AUSTIN,

Poet Laureate 1835-1910. With Photogravure and other Illustrations. In 2 vols. 8vo. 24s. net.

1911 ISSUE NOW READY.

The Statesman's Year-Book.

Statistical and Historical Annual of the States of the World, for the Year 1911. Edited by J. SCOTT KELTIE, LL.D., Secretary to the Royal Geographical Society. With Maps. Crown 8vo. 10s. 6d. net.

THIRD EDITION. Entirely rewritten and much enlarged.

Mendelism. By R. C. PUNNETT. Fellow of Gonville and Caius College, Professor of Biology in the University of Cambridge. With numerous coloured and other Illustrations. Crown 8vo. 5s. net.

NEW 6s. NOVELS.

Members of the Family. A Story of the Western Plains. By OWEN WISTER, Author of "The Virginian," etc. Illustrated. 6s.

Nina. By ROSALINE MASSON. 6s.

MACMILLAN & CO., LTD., LONDON.

THE STANDARD BOOKS ON BRIDGE.

"Saturday" Bridge

By W. DALTON.

That the popularity of Bridge is as great as ever is proved by the continuous steady demand for this book, now in its 10th Thousand.

5s. net, or post free 5s. 3d.

"Saturday" Auction Bridge.

By HELLESPONT.

That Auction Bridge appeals to certain temperaments more strongly than ordinary Bridge is unquestioned. The subtleties of the game are set forth in the simplest way by Hellespont.

3s. 6d. net, or post free 3s. 9d.

Inferences at Bridge.

By W. DALTON.

There are many players who, whilst familiar with the general principles of the game, never dream of drawing even the most simple inference from what they see. To them this book should be of great assistance.

1s. net, or post free 1s. 1d.

THE WEST STRAND PUBLISHING COMPANY, LTD.,
10 King Street, Covent Garden, W.C.

SALES BY AUCTION.

THE CHARLES BUTLER COLLECTIONS.
THE COLLECTION OF COINS AND MEDALS FORMED BY THE LATE
CHARLES BUTLER, Esq., OF WARREN WOOD, HATFIELD, AND
CONNAUGHT PLACE, W.

MESSRS. SOTHEY, WILKINSON & HODGE
will SELL by AUCTION, at their House, No. 13 Wellington Street,
Strand, W.C., on Monday, July 3, and Four Following Days, and on Monday,
July 10, and Following Day, at 1 o'clock precisely, the Collection of COINS and
MEDALS formed by the late CHARLES BUTLER, Esq. (of Warren Wood,
Hatfield, and Connaught Place, W.), comprising ancient Greek Coins in Gold and
Silver, including some very fine Medallions of Syracuse and large Gold Coins of the
Ptolemies; Roman Republican and Imperial Coins with an important Series of
Aurei and some very fine Coins in Bronze; English Coins in Gold, Silver, and
Bronze, embracing some Notable Coins and Proofs in Gold; Foreign Coins,
English and Foreign Medals in Gold and Silver, with which is included the very
rare Naval Reward Medal of Elizabeth for the Spanish Armada, in Gold; Italian
Medals and Plaquettes in Bronze of the Early and Later Renaissance Periods; Coin
Cabinets, &c.

May be viewed. Catalogues may be had. Illustrated Copies containing 12 plates
price 1s. each.

THE HUTH LIBRARY.

THE COLLECTION OF ENGRAVINGS AND WOODCUTS.

MESSRS. SOTHEY, WILKINSON & HODGE
will SELL by AUCTION, at their House, No. 13 Wellington Street,
Strand, W.C., on Tuesday, July 4, and Two Following Days, at 1 o'clock precisely,
the Magnificent Collection of ENGRAVINGS and WOODCUTS, forming part of
the famous Huth Library, founded by the late HENRY HUTH, Esq., and
maintained and augmented by his son, the late A. H. Huth, Esq., of Fossebury
Manor, Wilts.

May be viewed. Catalogues may be had. Illustrated Copies containing 14 plates,
price 5s. each.

Executors, Trustees, Solicitors, and Owners who may be desirous of
selling Works of Art, Family Jewels, Old Silver, Furniture, Pictures,
Prints, Miniatures, China, Coins, Books, Old Lace, Furs, Musical
Instruments, Guns, and other Valuables, are informed that Messrs.

KNIGHT, FRANK & RUTLEY'S

SALE ROOMS, 20 HANOVER SQUARE, W.,
are Open Daily to receive goods intended for disposal.

Auctions of Estates and Town Properties and Sales on Owners' premises
in all parts of the United Kingdom are held as required throughout the
year. Large Funds available for Mortgages. Valuations for Estate and
Legacy Duties. Farm Stock and Timber Sales. Management of Trust
Estates and Receiverships undertaken.

R. ANDERSON & CO.,

BRITISH, INDIAN, AND COLONIAL ADVERTISEMENT
CONTRACTORS,

14 KING WILLIAM STREET, STRAND, W.C.,

GIVE THE BEST TERMS for Company and General Advertising. Advice,
Estimates, and all information free of charge. Replies received.

ELY CATHEDRAL.

Visitors will find First Class Hotel Accommodation at the
"LAMB" Family Hotel, which is situated close to the Cathedral.
MODERATE TERMS. Omnibus meets all trains.

Proprietor, S. AIREY.

THE RUBBER WORLD

THIS WEEK'S CONTENTS INCLUDE:—

FEATURES OF THE RUBBER EXHIBITION.

HIGHLANDS AND LOWLANDS, AND SELABA:
WHEN RUBBER IS AT ITS WORST.

PUBLICITY AND RESEARCH. By H. E. Potts,
M.Sc.

MABIRA FOREST: "THE EYE OF UGANDA"
(Special Supplement).

One Penny of all Newsagents.

Now Ready.

VOL. I., OF THE RUBBER WORLD,
Containing 428 Pages, Supplements, and full
Index. Price 6/-; post 6/5.

Binding Cases 1/6; post 1/9.

10 King Street, Covent Garden, W.C.

**The Whole Art of
Rubber-Growing.**

BY

W. WICHERLEY, F.R.H.S.

(Illustrated by Photographs specially taken by the Author.)

The Financier says:—"We welcome with sincere
pleasure any competent trustworthy extraneous aid
which may come our way, and when this aid consists
of a volume such as that which Mr. W. Wicherley's
publishers have been good enough to forward us for
review, we incline to express our gratitude to him and
to them in terms which, if adequately expressed, might
savour of the fulsome. His book unquestionably must
be regarded as one of the books that count in planta-
tion rubber literature, and those who dissent from some
of his views and conclusions will be among the first to
admit the honesty of purpose which actuated the author
in setting his opinions forth in the form he has done. No
one, however well informed he may be, can read 'The
Whole Art of Rubber Growing' without feeling that
he has in some way increased his knowledge, and to
those whose information concerning the industry and
its developments, to say nothing, perhaps, of its
potentialities when considered on sane lines, is of a lesser
order, the volume, judiciously consulted, should prove an
invaluable vade-mecum. We might add that the
numerous illustrations with which the text is interspersed
are illustrations in the right meaning of the word,
representing as they do reproductions for the most part
of absolutely unique photographs taken by the author."

The Financial Times says:—"Its lack of techni-
cality and the excellent use made of the illustrations
should ensure its popularity."

Industrial Notes and Queries says:—"Every Rubber
investor should possess a copy."

The Home and Colonial Mail says:—"An admirable
hand-book and guide. . . . Will be widely
appreciated."

5s. net. or post free 5s. 3d.

Direct from

THE WEST STRAND PUBLISHING CO., Ltd.,
10b King Street, Covent Garden, W.C.

THE "IMPERIAL" EDITION OF The WORKS of GEORGE MEREDITH

THE GRESHAM PUBLISHING COMPANY beg to announce the issue of
a complete and uniform Library Edition of the works of George Meredith.
Bound in half-morocco, and comprising 19 volumes.

It has long been the desire of the Gresham Publishing Company, who have already successfully issued Library Editions of Scott, Dickens, and the Brontës, to place at the disposal of the Public an equally praiseworthy edition of the works of the great master fiction writer of the latter half of the nineteenth century.

After protracted negotiations with the owners of Meredith's

copyrights such an edition is now an accomplished fact, but the contract is limited and therefore **early application is necessary** by those who wish to take advantage of the opportunity. All readers of *THE SATURDAY REVIEW* are invited to send for the descriptive booklet prepared by the Publishers, giving at more length than is here possible particulars of price, terms of payment, &c.

List of the Volumes.

THE SHAVING OF SHAGPAT
THE ORDEAL OF RICHARD
FEVEREL
EVAN HARRINGTON
SANDRA BELLONA
VITTORIA
RHODA FLEMING
THE ADVENTURES OF
HARRY RICHMOND
BEAUCHAMP'S CAREER
SHORT STORIES
THE TRAGIC COMEDIANS

THE EGOIST: A COMEDY OF
NARRATIVE
DIANA OF THE CROSSWAYS
ONE OF OUR CONQUERORS
LORD ORMONT AND HIS
AMINTA
THE AMAZING MARRIAGE
CELT AND SAXON
AN ESSAY ON THE USE OF
THE COMIC SPIRIT
POEMS. Vol. 1
POEMS. Vol. 2

Meredith's novels and poems provide reading for all tastes. The scholar will revel in Meredith's epigrams, the philosopher will find his books a stimulating tonic, and the general reader will appreciate his strong characterisation. It is generally conceded that no author since Shakespeare has displayed such a delicate and profound mastery of female character, and such a wonderful power of portraying it. The novels comprise, to quote a reviewer, "fiction of the freshest, the rarest, the most vigorous and wholesome type, compact of wit, passion, character, humour, sex, of living speech and consummate portraiture."

The works of such a many-sided personality as George Meredith, containing the thoughts of one of the greatest brains of the last half of the nineteenth century, should be on the shelves of every Library. The Library housed in many rooms and the Library limited to but a few favourite authors is equally incomplete without an Edition of Meredith; and it should be an edition the possession of which can be regarded with pride; a complete uniform edition, calculated to stand constant use for many years with but little sign of wear and tear. In short, **THE IMPERIAL EDITION.**

It may be objected that such an exquisite Edition must be too expensive for all with limited incomes. However weighty this objection may be as touching other Editions, emphatically it does not apply to **THE IMPERIAL**, which, in spite of the fact that each book is a copyright work, is published at an extremely low price, and in addition is **THE ONLY EDITION OF MEREDITH OBTAINABLE ON VERY SPECIAL TERMS.** The full set of 19 volumes in their beautiful half-morocco binding, with plate sunk photogravure frontispieces, will be forwarded carriage paid to any address in the United Kingdom on receipt of a nominal payment, the balance being forwarded monthly in equally small amounts.

DESCRIPTIVE BOOKLET

**Making a really delightful
brochure, post free.**

To the GRESHAM PUBLISHING COMPANY,
34-5 Southampton Street Strand, London, W.C.

Please send me, post free, the Descriptive Booklet relating to The Imperial Edition of Meredith's works, together with particulars of price and terms of payment.

Name

Address

S.R.

THE POLITICAL HISTORY OF ENGLAND

EDITED BY

The Rev. WILLIAM HUNT, D.Litt.,

AND

REGINALD LANE POOLE, M.A., LL.D.,

Editor of "The English Historical Review."

A complete History of England embodying the results of recent scholarship, and on an adequate scale, is now for the first time placed within the reach of readers. It consists of Twelve Volumes, consisting of from 478 to 578 pages each, the total number of pages in the work amounting to 6,528. There are in addition 37 Maps printed in colour.

The fact that each Volume is written by a scholar who has devoted special attention to the period of which he treats has, it is hoped, ensured thoroughly competent work, while the Editors have bestowed the utmost care on every part in order to secure uniformity of treatment.

The Twelve Volumes are issued at the price of **7s. 6d.** net each; or in Sets, price **£4 10s.** net.

VOL. I. FROM THE EARLIEST TIMES TO THE NORMAN CONQUEST (To 1066).

By THOMAS HODGKIN, D.C.L., Litt.D., Fellow of University College, London; Fellow of the British Academy. With 2 Maps.

"Dr. Hodgkin has produced a work distinguished by breadth of outlook and by a keen appreciation of all matters of human interest lurking in the most unpromising of historical documents. . . . The general reader will find exactly what he wants—the story of eleven momentous centuries told in vigorous and straightforward English, embodied in a narrative which is always readable, and never overburdened with unnecessary details."—*Scottish Historical Review*.

VOL. II. FROM THE NORMAN CONQUEST TO THE DEATH OF JOHN (1066-1216).

By GEORGE BURTON ADAMS, Professor of History in Yale University. With 2 Maps.

"That the volume before us should have been entrusted to an American professor is a fitting compliment to the remarkable and somewhat unexpected development of the study of mediæval history among younger American scholars. Nor is there anything to suggest that the author is other than an Englishman, accept such not unwelcome comparisons as impart freshness to the point of view."—*Athenæum*.

VOL. III. FROM THE ACCESSION OF HENRY III. TO THE DEATH OF EDWARD III. (1216-1377).

By T. F. TOUT, M.A., Professor of Mediæval and Modern History in the University of Manchester, formerly Fellow of Pembroke College, Oxford. With 3 Maps.

"In reading this volume we have the comfortable sensation that we are in expert hands. It would be difficult to speak too highly of the learning and sound judgment to which every page bears witness. Professor Tout has thrown a wide net, and he is equally at home whether it is with records and chronicles or with their modern critics that he has to deal."—*Manchester Guardian*.

VOL. IV. FROM THE ACCESSION OF RICHARD II. TO THE DEATH OF RICHARD III. (1377-1485).

By C. OMAN, M.A., Chichele Professor of Modern History in the University of Oxford; Fellow of the British Academy. With 3 Maps.

"Professor Oman has written a work which is not only accurate in details and trustworthy on disputed points, but also shows great breadth of view, and at times an agreeably 'unscientific' humanity in its judgments. . . . It is this quality of sincerity that makes this volume an important addition to our historical literature. It cannot fail to become the standard work on the period with which it deals."—*Morning Post*.

VOL. V. FROM THE ACCESSION OF HENRY VII. TO THE DEATH OF HENRY VIII. (1485-1547).

By H. A. L. FISHER, M.A., Fellow and Tutor of New College, Oxford; Fellow of the British Academy. With 2 Maps.

"A period of vast political changes in Church and State. Indeed, it may be said that no other volume of this history treats of matters more fruitful and events more dramatic than this one for which Mr. Fisher is responsible. It forms a history complete in itself—as accords with the general scheme of the editors—with appendices, index, and maps."—*Westminster Gazette*.

VOL. VI. FROM THE ACCESSION OF EDWARD VI. TO THE DEATH OF ELIZABETH (1547 to 1603).

By A. F. POLLARD, M.A., Fellow of All Souls' College, Oxford; Professor of English History in the University of London. With Maps.

[Just published.]

VOL. VII. FROM THE ACCESSION OF JAMES I. TO THE RESTORATION (1603-1660).

By F. C. MONTAGUE, M.A., Astor Professor of History in University College, London; formerly Fellow of Oriel College, Oxford. With 3 Maps.

"The most remarkable feature of Professor Montague's book is its sanity. In writing of the most controverted period of English history he keeps his judgment unbiased and his narrative clear, and his sense of proportion is beyond criticism. As a summary of sixty years of intricate political history, scientifically constructed, and based upon an accurate knowledge of the sources, this book will be hard to rival and impossible to surpass."—*The Times*.

VOL. VIII. FROM THE RESTORATION TO THE DEATH OF WILLIAM III. (1660-1702).

By RICHARD LODGE, M.A., LL.D., Professor of History in the University of Edinburgh; formerly Fellow of Brasenose College, Oxford. With 2 Maps.

"The volume is a work of learning, judgment, and finality—so far as anything in historiography can be final."—*Outlook*.
"Professor Lodge has written a book worthy of his reputation and likely long to remain a standard authority."—*Glasgow Herald*.

VOL. IX. FROM THE ACCESSION OF ANNE TO THE DEATH OF GEORGE II. (1702 to 1760).

By I. S. LEADAM, M.A., formerly Fellow of Brasenose College, Oxford. With 8 Maps.

"Apart from the manuscript sources, Mr. Leadam has consulted almost all the printed authorities dealing with his period, to judge from the exhaustive bibliography which to scholars will be not the least useful part of the volume. For this bibliography, and for the careful judgment on facts displayed, his history will be indispensable for students of the period, especially as in many respects new light is thrown on points which were formerly obscure or matter for controversy."—*The Times*.

VOL. X. FROM THE ACCESSION OF GEORGE III. TO THE CLOSE OF PITT'S FIRST ADMINISTRATION (1760-1801).

By the Rev. WILLIAM HUNT, M.A., D.Litt., Trinity College, Oxford. With 3 Maps.

"The history is so delightfully written that it will appeal to a far larger circle than that of historical students only. The general reader will thoroughly enjoy refreshing his recollections of the great events of those stirring times."—*Academy*.

VOL. XI. FROM ADDINGTON'S ADMINISTRATION TO THE CLOSE OF WILLIAM IV.'S REIGN (1801-1837).

By the Hon. GEORGE C. BRODRICK, D.C.L., late Warden of Merton College, Oxford, and J. K. FOTHERINGHAM, M.A., D.Litt., Fellow of Magdalen College, Oxford; Lecturer in Ancient History at King's College, London. With 3 Maps.

"It is perhaps the first time that the history of the United Kingdom during the years 1801-37 has been thoroughly well told in a single volume; and the help afforded by footnotes, bibliographical appendix and an adequate index will ensure the work a hearty welcome from every student of the period."—*Athenæum*.

VOL. XII. THE REIGN OF QUEEN VICTORIA (1837-1901).

By SIDNEY LOW, M.A., Balliol College, Oxford; formerly Lecturer on History at King's College, London, and LLOYD C. SANDERS, B.A. With 3 Maps.

"Mr. Sidney Low's contribution to what is now recognised as the standard History of England covers the whole period of the late Queen's reign, nor is there, we believe, any living publicist who could have dealt more successfully with the complicated and, in some respects, embarrassing theme. . . . Mr. Low has, we say without hesitation, produced a history of the Victorian reign which is indispensable to every public or private library, and which is not likely to be superseded except by a revised and extended edition of itself."—*Standard*.

PRESS OPINIONS ON THE WORK AS A WHOLE.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

"We regard the entire work with admiration."

PALL MALL GAZETTE.

"One of the finest enterprises of a compendious character that have been undertaken by any publisher within the past few years. . . . The completed 'Political History' will represent a magnificent achievement of scholarship. It has realised throughout a rare combination of expert scholarship with literary finish."

GLOBE.

"A history which is quite the best and most suited to a private library of any before the public."

THE MORNING POST.

"Dr. Hunt has good reason to congratulate himself upon the success so far attained in the production by some of the most competent writers of the day of a history of England utilising the result of the latest researches and reflecting the most important currents of modern thought."

LONGMANS, GREEN, & CO., 39 Paternoster Row, LONDON; New York, Bombay, and Calcutta.

The Subscription List will open Friday, June 30th, and will close on or before Tuesday, July 4th, 1911.

DOMINION OF CANADA.

The Belding Paul & Corticelli Silk Company, Ltd.

(Incorporated under the Laws of the Dominion of Canada.)

CAPITALIZATION.

	Authorized.	Issued.
7% Cumulative Preferred Stock ...	\$1,250,000	\$850,000
Common Stock ...	1,250,000	750,000
5% First Convertible Debentures ...	1,000,000	750,000

The London & South-Western Bank, Ltd., and The Royal Bank of Scotland are authorised by the Contractors for the Loan to receive on their behalf applications for the purchase of £154,100, being the approximate sterling equivalent at \$4/8½ of \$750,000.

5% FIRST CONVERTIBLE DEBENTURES.

Dated 1st May, 1911. Due 1st May, 1936.

The price of the Debentures is 90 per cent., payable as follows:—

- 5 per cent. on Application.
- 10 per cent. on Allotment.
- 25 per cent. on August 1st, 1911.
- 25 per cent. on September 1st, 1911.
- 25 per cent. on October 2nd, 1911.

£90 per cent.

Payment in full may be made on allotment or on any instalment date, under discount at the rate of 3 per cent. per annum.

The Debentures will also be offered in Canada, where applications will be received by the Dominion Bond Company, Limited, at Toronto, Montreal and Ottawa.

Applications have already been received for £63,000 of the Debentures on the terms of the Prospectus, and these applications will be allotted in full.

The Debentures, which will be issued to Bearer in denominations of £200, £100, and £50, with half-yearly interest Coupons attached, due 1st May and 1st November in each year, are payable both as to principal and interest, in sterling, at the Bank of Montreal in London, or at the option of the holder in Montreal, at the fixed rate of exchange of £1 = \$4/8½, and will contain provisions for the registration of principal, and, if desired, for the payment of interest by warrant at the Bank of Montreal in London.

Trustee ... THE ROYAL TRUST COMPANY, MONTREAL.
Registrar in London ... BANK OF MONTREAL.

The Debentures are secured by a Trust Deed, executed in favour of the Trustee, constituting a first charge upon all of the assets of the Company, and the Trust Deed provides for the payment by the Company to the Trustee, in each year, as from 1st May, 1912, of a Sinking Fund of 3 per cent., which will be devoted to the purchase of the Debentures in the open market at a price not exceeding 105 per cent. and accrued interest, or failing this, then by drawings at 105 per cent.

The Company reserves the right to redeem all or any part of the issue at the price of 105 per cent. on any interest date on or after the 1st May, 1915. This will also be the price of redemption in the event of the voluntary liquidation of the Company.

A public offer of \$400,000 of the above 7 per cent. Cumulative Preferred Stock was recently made in Canada, and was largely oversubscribed.

Holders have the right from the 1st May, 1913, up to and including 1st May, 1915, of converting such Debentures as they may desire into the 7 per cent. Cumulative Preferred Stock on the basis of \$100 of Preferred Stock for every \$100 of Debentures. For the purpose of this right of conversion, the rate of exchange is taken at \$4/8½ to the £1, any balance to be paid in cash.

Powers have been taken by the Company to create, if necessary, additional Preferred Stock, to give effect to this right of conversion.

The Trust Deed provides that the balance of the authorized issue of Debentures can only be issued up to 50 per cent. of the appraised value, to the satisfaction of the Trustee, of new fixed assets acquired by the Company and duly mortgaged to the Trustee.

The following is a letter from Mr. FRANK PAUL, President, giving full particulars of the Company:—

Montreal, May 3rd, 1911.

Messrs. DOMINION BOND COMPANY LIMITED, MONTREAL.

Dear Sirs:—Referring to your purchase of 5 per cent. First Convertible Debentures of this Company, I beg to submit you the following information:—

The Belding Paul & Corticelli Silk Company, Limited, was incorporated in April 1911, under the Companies Act of the Dominion of Canada, for the purpose of acquiring the business and properties of the following Companies:—

- BELDING PAUL & COMPANY, LIMITED.
- THE CORTICELLI SILK COMPANY, LIMITED.
- THE CASCADE NARROW FABRIC COMPANY, LIMITED.

The Company has now acquired the entire issued capital of the Corticelli Silk Company, Limited, and over 55 per cent. of the issued share capital of the Belding Paul Company, Limited. The former Company holds practically the entire share capital or the Cascade Narrow Fabric Company, Limited.

It is intended, as soon as possible, to get in the outstanding shares of these Companies, and their physical properties will then be transferred to the Company and included in the mortgage securing the debentures under the Trust Deed. This is now being done in the case of the Corticelli Silk Company, Limited.

These Companies have no bonded or mortgage indebtedness on their properties other than a mortgage of \$37,500 on the Toronto Sales Room of the Belding Paul Company. This mortgage was arranged on favourable terms, and it will probably be considered advisable to continue it for the present.

BUSINESSES.

The Companies taken over control practically the entire manufacture in Canada of silk threads, braids and ribbons.

BELDING PAUL & COMPANY, LIMITED.—The Company was established in 1878, and has grown from a very small concern to its present size. Its factory, situated at Montreal, is complete and modern in every respect. The Company maintains an extensive selling organization with branch warehouses at Toronto, Winnipeg and Vancouver.

CORTICELLI SILK COMPANY, LIMITED.—While this Company has not been established so long as the Belding Paul & Company, Limited, still it has been operated successfully for a great many years. Its factory is situated at St. John's, Quebec, and it also maintains a selling organization with branch warehouses and offices at Toronto, Winnipeg and Vancouver.

CASCADE NARROW FABRIC COMPANY, LIMITED.—This Company's factory is situated at Coaticook, Quebec, and is up-to-date in every respect. It is controlled by the Corticelli Silk Company, Limited, and has been operated in conjunction with their business.

OBJECTS AND ADVANTAGES.

Both Belding Paul & Company, Limited, and the Corticelli Silk Company, Limited, as stated above, maintain extensive selling organizations and have duplicate warehouses and offices in Montreal, Toronto, Winnipeg and Vancouver. The amalgamation will mean the centralisation of the selling and also warehousing capacity. This should result in considerable economies, and at the same time permit of a very large reduction in the inventories and open accounts now being carried. The output of the Companies will be standardised, thereby effecting increased economies in manufacturing costs. The severe competition which existed between the companies will also be eliminated.

ASSETS.

The real estate, buildings, plant, etc., being the fixed assets of the Companies have been appraised by the Canadian American Appraisal Company, during the month of March 1911, and the valuation of such appraisals is \$92,800. In addition to this the aggregate surplus of current liquid assets amount to approximately \$712,000. Nothing is included in this valuation for trade marks or goodwill, although in companies of this description, which have been in existence for many years, these assets are of very considerable value.

EARNINGS.

Messrs. Marwick, Mitchell & Company have investigated the affairs of the various Companies for the past nine years, and the following is a statement of the combined Gross Sales and Net Profits for the past five years:—

	1906.	1907.	1908.	1909.	1910.
Gross Sales:	\$1,251,976	\$1,430,155	\$1,314,441	\$1,271,002	\$1,326,116
Net Profits:					
Belding Paul & Co. ...	1906.	1907.	1908.	1909.	1910.
Corticelli Silk Co. ...	\$60,361	\$90,548	\$30,655	\$38,520	\$64,819
Cascade N. Fabric Co. ...	55,405	31,819	1,536*	24,981	36,094
	7,740	8,846	4,106	1,610	5,052
TOTAL ...	\$123,506	\$131,213	\$36,297	\$64,711	\$106,965

* The trade depression of 1907-08 affected the Corticelli Silk Company, Limited, more particularly, as it necessitated a change of policy, and the disposal of certain stocks at a sacrifice.

ESTIMATED EARNINGS.

I consider that the new Company will effect economies of, at least, \$60,000 over and above the average earnings as determined by the Auditors, and I would give the following estimate of future earnings:—

Net Earnings ...	\$180,000
Less Debenture Interest ...	37,500
Surplus ...	\$142,500

In conclusion, wish to state that I have every confidence in the future of the Company, and feel quite sanguine that my estimates will be fully realized.

Yours very truly, (Signed) FRANK PAUL, President.

CERTIFICATE OF MESSRS. MARWICK, MITCHELL & COMPANY, OF MONTREAL.

Dated April 8th, 1911.

Messrs. DOMINION BOND COMPANY, LIMITED, MONTREAL.

Dear Sirs:—We have made an examination of the accounts of Belding Paul & Company, Limited, Silk Manufacturers, Montreal, Corticelli Silk Company, Limited, Silk Manufacturers, St. John's, Quebec, and Cascade Narrow Fabric Company, Braid Manufacturers, Coaticook, Quebec, for a period of nine years ended May 31st, 1910, and we hereby certify that after making full provision for depreciation, repairs, renewals and bad debts, but before allowing for interest charges and the operations of the branch (since closed) of the Corticelli Silk Company, Limited, in London, England, the combined net annual earnings during these nine years averaged as follows:—

Belding Paul & Company, Limited, average 9 years to May 31, 1910 ...	\$67,122.33
Corticelli Silk Company, Limited, average 9 years to May 31, 1910 ...	47,062.73
Cascade Narrow Fabric Company, average 9 years to May 31, 1910 ...	5,877.23

Total average Annual Profits ... \$120,062.60

During the latter part of the period examined, the annual earnings were less than the average named, but the proposed consolidation of the operations of these Companies would effect a considerable saving through discontinuance of the present duplicate branches and agencies. The business of these Companies is well established, and with the improved organization indicated, a very substantial increase in the net profits as compared with the before-mentioned average may reasonably be expected.

Yours truly,

(Signed) MARWICK, MITCHELL & COMPANY.

If an allotment is not made to any Applicant the deposit will be returned in full through the post by Cheque, at the Applicant's risk, and if an allotment is made of less than the amount applied for, the balance of the application money will be appropriated towards the sum due on allotment.

Application will be made to the London Stock Exchange for a special settlement in the Scrip and an official quotation of the Debentures now offered.

A brokerage of one-quarter per cent. will be paid on all payments made in respect of applications bearing Brokers' and other authorised Agents' stamps.

The Deed of Trust and all legal matters relating to this issue have been passed upon by Mr. James Bicknell, K.C., of the firm of Messrs. Bicknell, Bain, Strath & MacKellan, of Toronto; and Messrs. Surtees, Phillpotts & Co., 6 St. Helen's Place, London, E.C.

The original of Mr. Paul's letter, and a draft of the Trust Deed, and full reports by Messrs. Marwick, Mitchell & Co., and the Canadian American Appraisal Company, Limited, may be inspected during usual business hours, prior to the closing of the list, at the offices of the Solicitors.

Prospectuses and Forms of Application may be obtained from the Bankers, Brokers and Solicitors.

On default in payment of any instalment, the allotment will be subject to cancellation and the amount previously paid liable to forfeiture. Interest at the rate of 6 per cent. per annum will be charged on all payments in arrears.

Upon the payment of the instalment due on allotment, Scrip Certificates to bearer will be issued in exchange for the Allotment Letters, and these, when fully paid, will be exchanged as soon as possible thereafter for Definitive Debentures.

Interest at the rate of 5 per cent. per annum from the due dates of the various instalments to the 31st October, 1911, will be provided for by Coupons annexed to the Scrip Certificates, and the Debentures now offered will have annexed thereto the Coupon for the full half-year's interest, due on the 1st May, 1912.

Head Office: MONTREAL.

Branch Offices and Warehouses: MONTREAL, TORONTO, WINNIPEG and VANCOUVER.

Factories: MONTREAL, ST. JOHN'S and COATICOOK, QUE.

DIRECTORS.

- FRANK PAUL, President Belding Paul & Co., Ltd.; Director West Kootenay Power & Light Co., Ltd.
- WILLIAM McMASTER, Vice-President Canadian Explosives, Ltd.; Director The Canadian Bank of Commerce.
- D. LORNE MCGIBBON, President Canadian Consolidated Rubber Co., Ltd.; Director Montreal Street Railway.
- W. M. DOULL, President West Kootenay Light & Power Co., Ltd.; Director Halifax Electric Tramway Co., Ltd.
- G. P. GRANT, President Dominion Bond Co., Ltd.; Director Dominion Canners Co., Ltd.
- A. HAIG SIMS, Director Richelieu & Ontario Navigation Co.; Director Montreal Trust Company.
- EDGAR F. CROOKS, Messrs. Belding Brothers, Northampton, Mass.

Bankers.

BANK OF MONTREAL and ROYAL BANK OF CANADA.

Bankers for the Issue.

LONDON & SOUTH-WESTERN BANK, LIMITED, Fenchurch Street, E.C., and Branches.
THE ROYAL BANK OF SCOTLAND, 3 Bishopsgate, E.C.; Edinburgh, Glasgow and Branches.

Brokers.

PLATER & BEAUCLERK, 27 Austin Friars, E.C.
BYNG, FOLEY & CO., 4 Tokenhouse Buildings, E.C.

Solicitors.

LONDON—SURTEES, PHILLPOTTS & CO., 6 St. Helen's Place, E.C.
CANADA—BICKNELL, BAIN, STRATHY & MACKELCAN, Toronto.

SECRET SOCIETIES ^{AND} THE FRENCH REVOLUTION

By UNA BIRCH

5s. net

THE LAND OF TECK ^{AND} ITS SURROUNDINGS

By THE REV. S. BARING-GOULD

10s. 6d. net

AN IRISH BEAUTY OF THE REGENCY

THE LIFE STORY OF THE HON. MRS. CALVERT

By MRS. WARRENNE BLAKE

16s. net

THE NELSONS OF BURNHAM THORPE

A RECORD OF A NORFOLK FAMILY COMPILED
FROM UNPUBLISHED LETTERS & NOTE BOOKS

By M. EYRE MATCHAM

16s. net

MASSENET AND HIS OPERAS

By HENRY T. FINCK

5s. net

FRANZ LISZT AND HIS MUSIC

By ARTHUR HERVEY

4s. 6d. net

ATTITUDES AND AVOWALS

By RICHARD LE GALLIENNE

5s. net

HYLLUS: A POETIC DRAMA

By RALPH CHEEVER DUNNING

5s. net

THE SILVER AGE: A POEM

By A. E. J. LEGGE

3s. 6d. net

THE MOTHER OF GOETHE

By MARGARET REEKS

10s. 6d. net

DR. HENRY COWARD

By J. A. RODGERS

2s. 6d. net

MY BALKAN TOUR

By ROY TREVOR

21s. net

THESE BOOKS ARE PUBLISHED
BY JOHN LANE AT THE BODLEY
HEAD, VIGO STREET, W.